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EDITORIAL

I.F. STONE, 1907–1989

Even after he died, they still didn't quite know how to handle him.

In a classic example of the sort of on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand journalism against which I.F. Stone fought all his life, the lead paragraph of his obituary in *The New York Times* neatly balanced his "admirers" against his "critics."

Why couldn't they simply say that the man who in the 1940s and 1950s was a pariah (for telling the truth about the myths of the cold war when others were afraid to) was in the 1960s among the first to perceive and write about the inevitable disaster that underlay our growing involvement in Southeast Asia. And that by the 1970s he had become an inspiration to a generation of journalists, and will remain a role model for generations to come.

The Washington Post's "Style" section, in an otherwise affecting appreciation that accurately captured Izzy's creative iconoclasm, referred *en passant* to his 1952 study *The Hidden History of the Korean War* as "a tendentious book." If the mainstream press wants to play the balance game, so be it. But then why not quote the historian Bruce Cumings, the country's leading authority on Korea, who wrote the preface to the recently reissued edition of that book:

> When I first came upon *Hidden History* as a graduate student, during the Vietnam War, a professor warned me against the book, saying it was unreliable and indulged in conspiracy theories. So I read it all the more eagerly, and found that, indeed, Stone's method was in contrast to that of highly recommended scholars: he cared about truth, he was fearless, he didn't equate objectivity with silence on the great issues of his day. It seemed that I.F. Stone provided a model of honest inquiry, of which there are all too few examples—particularly in regard

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HIGH COURT, LOW ROAD
Herman Schwartz

THE BUTTONS OF GLASNOST
Katrina vanden Heuvel

BALLOTS AND BULLETS
Edward W. Said

BAD SEEDS IN NICARAGUA
Bill Weinberg

RABBIT LAYS AN EGG
Fred Inglis

THE CORPORATE ART

PITCHERS AT AN EXHIBITION

HERBERT I. SCHILLER

Fifteen years ago, the artist Hans Haacke produced an exhibition in New York City called "On Social Grease." The show's six photoengraved magnesium plates reproduced the statements of six national figures on the utility of the arts to business. Robert Kingsley, an Exxon executive and founder and chair of the Arts and Business Council, gave Haacke his title. "Exxon's support of the arts," announced Kingsley's plate, "serves as a social lubricant. And if business is to continue in big cities, it needs a more lubricated environment."

Today, a walk along Manhattan's museum mile—or through the not-so-hushed halls of major museums elsewhere in the country—is more slippery than ever. Most Americans take for granted that they live in an open society with a free marketplace of ideas, in which a variety of forms of expression and opinion can be heard and flourish. This condition, while not yet entirely transformed, is increasingly unrecognizable. The corporate arm has reached into every corner of daily life, from the shopping mall to the art gallery, from the library to the classroom itself. Like television, advertising and other obvious weapons of America's pervasive corporate culture, museums are also adjuncts of the consciousness industry, a role they play with increasing enthusiasm as the money pours in. Thus, the Chase Manhattan Bank avers that it is committed to "enriching lives not only financially but culturally," and entices the director of the Guggenheim Museum,

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LETTERS.

WHO 'MANNED' THE TRENCHES?

New York City

While Elayne Rapping's understanding review of my novel *Union Square* ["PBS Meets *Knots Landing*," April 10] was balm to my spirit, there is one point I must answer precisely because Rapping is not the only one who has made it. Disagreeing with my treatment of the U.S. Communist Party, she observed that the party is represented by a man: "Sarah's husband, Avi, the only wholly obnoxious character in the book, is a party functionary who ultimately embraces Stalinism." But Avi is not the only or even the main party representative in *Union Square*. Speaking on street corners and organizing in her union, Sarah is an equally disciplined and dedicated Communist for most of the book. Why can't people see that she too is a representative of the party? Because she's a woman? Because she's not in the leadership? She is emotionally her husband's opposite: activist, instinctive, she prefers not to think very much about line—she would say she is too busy—and accepts party leadership without thinking much about it, unless it messes up her organizing.

This is all part of a debate currently raging among historians of the C.P., U.S.A.: Some, like Theodore Draper and Harvey Klehr, see the party as essentially ruled from Moscow, while New Left historians like Mark Naison and Roy Rosensweig emphasize its American aspects—its strong roots in minority and ethnic communities, its work at the shop and community level. To me, both approaches seem valid, for the party had both aspects. The apparatus was ruled from Moscow and was brought sharply to heel when it wavered. But during the 1930s and early 1940s, so much energetic work was going on that local activists had room to maneuver, except at moments of crisis like the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

These salt-of-the-earth activists were like Sarah: They did heroic work that built tenants' organizations and C.I.O. unions and struggled for racial integration. But when push came to shove, they had little power in their own party, and ultimately a lot of them left it. The leadership was, by and large, made up of a different sort of person. If they were not cynical and corrupt when they began, they tended to become so; the process is clear in *Words on Fire*, Rosalyn Baxandall's recent collection of the essays of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

It is a great mistake to see Leninist parties as monolithic, though they usually try to portray themselves as such. Gorbachev's revolution shows what happens when members get a chance actually to vote instead of just voting with their feet, and how liberating it is to talk honestly about the past. The history of the American left must also be read anew, in the light shed by *glasnost*. *Meredith Tax*

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

New York City

Susan LaCroix's excellent article, "Jailing Mothers for Drug Abuse" [May 1], leaves little more to be said about this newest effort by states to control the behavior of pregnant women. It may be useful to know, however, that states are extending their response to the drug crisis by instituting neglect proceedings and removing newborns from the care of their mothers solely on the basis of positive toxicologies taken of the newborn at birth. What is particularly distressing about this practice is that positive toxicologies say nothing about frequency of drug use or impairment of either the mother or the child.

Attorneys for New York's Nassau County are seeking removal of newborns on an ex parte basis and then are following up with neglect petitions seeking permanent removal as a regular practice. The use of ex parte proceedings means that the mother has no immediate way to regain legal or physical custody until her case has made its way through the court, often depriving her of critical bonding time.

One of the county's most recent forays has been on a single woman who smoked one joint of marijuana during labor, upon the recommendation of a friend who was a nurse. There was no other evidence of drug use, impairment or harm to the infant. Yet the county succeeded, through the ex parte petition, in depriving the woman of legal custody; she waited eight months before the neglect petition was dismissed. The county now argues that the appeal from the ex parte order is moot. Legal Aid attorneys, deluged with similar cases, are actively seeking review as the only means to afford this woman some relief from her ordeal.

Legislators in California are now talking about implementing laws requiring mandatory drug testing of all pregnant women. Thus, jailing pregnant women is only one of the ways in which states are attempting to control the autonomy of pregnant women. It is much easier than providing funds for drug treatment programs for pregnant women or social services designed to keep families together. *Kary L. Moss*

A.C.L.U. Women's Rights Project

ALIEN NATION

New York City

Earl Shorris's article "Raids, Racism and the I.N.S." [May 8] struck home. As an immigration attorney, I was recently retained by a friend of a Mexican man who had been picked up on his job (plucking feathers from dead chickens) during the I.N.S.'s highly publicized nationwide Project Jobs crackdown on undocumented workers. I spoke to my client by phone, determining that he was at the Brooklyn Naval Yard detention center. I told him that if he had signed any document waiving his right to a deportation hearing he should immediately tell an I.N.S. official that he wanted to withdraw his signature and that he wanted a hearing, a right guaranteed to him by I.N.S. regulations. The conversation was in Spanish, and he understood me.

Shortly thereafter, I proceeded to the Brooklyn Naval Yard, only to find the entire facility in a Kafkaesque mess. I proceeded from floor to floor, trying to find my client, but was told that there was no record of such an individual. Finally a colleague of mine told me that someone waiting outside to visit my client had just seen him being loaded on a bus with other detainees to be taken to the airport to be deported.

I rushed outside and asked the I.N.S. guard at the bus door to please call my client out, saying that he wanted a deportation hearing before an immigration judge. He refused. I went past him and entered the bus to call out my client's name. Before I could do that I was seized from behind by several I.N.S. guards, dragged off the bus and forcibly held while the bus door closed. Upon being released, I decided that I had not been retained to wave goodbye to my client but rather to represent him, and I darted in front of the bus just as it was starting off. The bus driver stopped, but I was once again grabbed by several I.N.S. officers, who slammed me against a fence while the bus drove away.

This was not the end of the story, however. I brought suit under the Federal Tort Claims Act for the assault committed against me and for a constitutional violation of my right to practice my profession. I was also preparing a lawsuit on behalf of my client when I found out that he had already found his way back to New York! My own lawsuit was dismissed by Federal District Court Judge Constance Baker Motley on the ground that the I.N.S. officials had "qualified immunity" and were acting within the scope of their employment. On appeal, the government finally decided to give in at a pre-argument conference; they settled the case for money damages rather than risk a reversal.

That this is not just an "isolated incident," as the I.N.S. officials maintain in the case described in Shorris's article, is evinced by the reaction of the professional responsibility division of the I.N.S., which after investigating my complaint found no wrongdoing upon the part of any I.N.S. employee.

The truth of the matter is that the I.N.S. is the bottom of the dung heap of administrative agencies. Aliens don't vote, and the government has no desire to spend anything but the least amount of money that it can to enforce ever-increasing and complex immigration laws. That "due process of the laws" suffers tragically should be no surprise; nor, however, should it be for a moment tolerated. *Peter Hirsch*

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EDITORIALS.

I.F. Stone

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

to our recent Asian wars. *Hidden History* is above all a truthful book, and it remains one of the best accounts of the American role in the Korean War.

One reason the establishment had so much trouble classifying Izzy was his attitude toward it: "All idols must be overthrown; all sacred dogmas exposed to criticism; the windows thrown open; the cobwebs swept away!" As editor and publisher of the world's most famous newsletter, "I.F. Stone's Weekly," as a reporter and columnist for *PM* and its successor papers, as Washington editor of *The Nation*, as a frequent contributor to *The New York Review of Books*, Izzy was a quadruple threat. He combined the meat-and-potatoes moxie of a police reporter, the instinct for precision of a scholar, the question-phrasing skill of a Socrates (never better manifested than in his 1988 best seller, *The Trial of Socrates*) and the political philosophy of an anarchist (if he was to be

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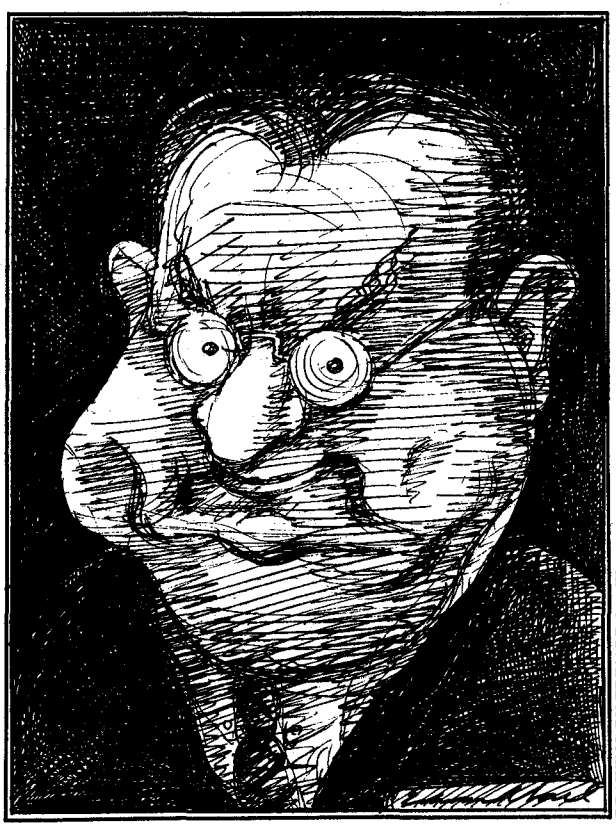
believed when he wrote: "Every government is run by liars and nothing they say should be believed"). Actually, he confided to an international gathering of investigative journalists in Amsterdam a couple of years ago, "In a way, I was



DRAWING BY EDWARD SOREL

It's just wonderful to be a pariah. I really owe my success to being a pariah. It is so good not to be invited to respectable dinner parties. People used to say to me, "Izzy, why don't you go down and see the Secretary of State and put him straight." Well, you know, you're not supposed to see the Secretary of State. He won't pay any attention to you anyway. He'll hold your hand, he'll commit you morally for listening. To be a pariah is to be left alone to see things your own way, as truthfully as you can. Not because you're brighter than anybody else is—or your own truth so valuable. But because, like a painter or a writer or an artist, all you have to contribute is the purification of your own vision, and add that to the sum total of other visions. To be regarded as nonrespectable, to be a pariah, to be an outsider, this is really the way to do it. To sit in your tub and not want anything. As soon as you want something, they've got you! —*I.F. Stone*

half a Jeffersonian and half a Marxist. I never saw a contradiction between the two, and I still don't."

And speaking of investigative journalism, Izzy added, "I'd like to say that I never thought of myself as an 'investigative journalist,' because from my boyhood I felt that every reporter investigates what he's writing about. If he doesn't, he's an idiot who just rewrites press releases." In fact, Izzy may be said to have invented a form of investigative reporting that might well be termed "investigative reading." He routinely came up with front-page stories and unique insights merely by reading the same documents, materials and records available to his peers—only Izzy read the lines more closely, and always he read between them.

A couple of months before he died, we asked Izzy if he would consider reviewing *The Salonika Bay Murder: Cold War Politics and the Polk Affair*, by Edmund Keeley, a book revealing the extraordinary cover-up surrounding the murder of the American journalist George Polk in Greece in 1948. Izzy, who had written a series of five articles on the case at the time, trying to prevent the cover-up that Keeley now exposes, declined the assignment on the ground that "it would be too much like tooting my own horn."

We won't see his like again.

Illogical Force

With the arrival of Justice Anthony Kennedy, the Supreme Court is well on its way to becoming what Ronald Reagan and Edwin Meese 3d wanted it to be—the judicial arm of the Heritage Foundation. The civil rights cases of the past few weeks are the most notorious illustrations, but not the only ones. In those same weeks, the Court struck at a handicapped student seeking an education and at a Michigan employee denied a promotion because his brother had been the subject of a "Red squad" file. None of these decisions involve judicial restraint to allow the popularly elected branches to work their will, the ostensible goal of the conservatives. Rather, all embody an almost defiant indifference to legislative intent. Language is tortured, logic brushed aside, legislative history scorned and precedents either overturned or dismissed.

In *Dellmuth v. Muth*, for example, Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justices Kennedy, Antonin Scalia, Sandra Day O'Connor and Byron White refused to allow a handicapped student to recover damages from the State of Pennsylvania for violating the Education for the Handicapped Act. When Congress enacted the E.H.A. in 1975, Kennedy said, it did not comply with a Supreme Court ruling that if Congress wants to subject the states to damage suits, it must do so not only clearly—which it had—but explicitly in the text of the statute. The catch is that this requirement was not imposed by the Court until 1985 and, as the four dissenters complained, "could have [been] anticipated only with the aid of a particularly effective crystal ball." Dismissed by the majority as irrelevant were what Kennedy conceded was "logical force," the statutory structure and other strong indications of Congressional intent that the states were indeed to be held liable.

In the "Red squad" case, *Will v. Michigan Department of State Police*, the five right-wing Justices read the 1871 Civil Rights Act to bar a damages recovery in a state court against the State of Michigan. Brushing aside contemporary usage, precedent and the plain language of the law, White invoked

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the Eleventh Amendment, which bars suits against states only in Federal courts, to decide this suit in the Michigan state court, while admitting that the amendment was not strictly applicable.

The civil rights cases display more of the same heads-I-win, tails-you-lose approach. In *Patterson v. McLean Credit Union*, the Court grudgingly decided not to overturn the 1976 *Runyon v. McCrary* decision, which allows suits against private discrimination in the making and enforcement of employment and other contracts. It refused, however, to allow the statute to be used to challenge racial harassment on the job—even though Charles Fried, the most reactionary Solicitor General in recent history, had backed such challenges—and excluded from the law's protection any promotion that does not involve "an opportunity for a new and distinct relationship between the employer and the employee." This new requirement is not only ambiguous but contrary to the plain meaning and purpose of the statute.

In *Martin v. Wilks*, which troubled even *The Wall Street Journal*, the Court allowed white firefighters to challenge an agreement settling an employee discrimination case eight years after the settlement had been approved. In doing so, the five conservatives ignored numerous precedents and every U.S. Court of Appeals but one. The decision forces minority plaintiffs to bring all potential challengers into the suit right at the beginning, even though the plaintiffs rarely know who those challengers will be.

Martin was actually the second half of the one-two punch delivered by the Court's *Wards Cove Packing Co. v. Atonio* decision the previous week. There, the Court switched from the employer to the employee the burden of proving whether there was a business necessity for race- or gender-harmful practices. Nothing done or even suggested by Congress, which had clearly approved of the existing law, warranted the change. Also, normal burden-of-proof rules impose that onus on the party who needs the issue to win and has the best access to the evidence—here, obviously, the employer. The effect of the decision is to make Title VII suits, already expensive, difficult and time-consuming, much more so.

The tails-you-lose philosophy was displayed most prominently on June 12, the day the Court decided *Martin*. In *Lorance v. A.T.&T.*, women who had been demoted by A.T.&T. under a seniority system that they considered intentionally discriminatory challenged it immediately after their demotions, which took place several years after the seniority system had been adopted. The Court ruled that they had waited too long—time apparently waits only for white men. According to Scalia, the women should have challenged the practice when it was first adopted, even though they were not hurt by it until years later, and might never have been.

The judicial aggressiveness of the Court's new conservative majority seems aimed not just at civil rights but at much of the liberal welfare state. The nation repudiated this kind of conservatism when it rejected Robert Bork and denied Ronald Reagan his social agenda. But the Court is now Reagan's, and only a forceful and swift Congressional reaction—always problematic—will be able to overcome that.

HERMAN SCHWARTZ

Herman Schwartz, a professor of law at American University in Washington, D.C., is a contributing editor of The Nation *and the author of* Packing the Courts *(Scribner's).*

Gains and Losses

Big business is climbing over Europe's national frontiers much more easily than labor unions or democratic institutions. With the unified market scheduled for the end of 1992 and the free movement of capital set for next year, industrial concentration is proceeding apace and the financial giants are strengthening their hold on Europe's economy. The labor unions are doing little to match this activity, and the so-called social Europe so feared by conservatives (because of its goal of protecting the poorer sections of the population) is, for the moment, no more than talk. The European Parliament has not kept up with these developments either. Its 518 deputies sitting in Strasbourg, France, can merely delay and amend, leaving the power of decision to the Brussels-based European Commission and to the Council of Ministers that represents the European Community's twelve member states. At this stage the European Parliament is a rubber-stamp institution, and the Europeans, usually heavy voters, show no great enthusiasm for taking part in its election.

The third-ever direct European poll, held June 15 in five member countries and June 18 in the remaining seven, confirmed this trend. Except in Greece and Ireland, where it coincided with a national election, or in Belgium and Italy, where voting is in principle compulsory, only half those entitled to vote bothered to do so (in Britain the figure was one out of three). While questionable as a democratic test, the European election is useful as an opinion poll, provided that one bears in mind the number of abstentions and the fact that, since the results matter little, the voters can express their preferences without making the usual tactical calculations.

Compared with the last vote, in 1984, the rightward trend in mainstream Western European politics has been reversed. Britain provides an exaggerated example: Encumbered by strikes, rising inflation and high interest rates, Margaret Thatcher has suffered her first national defeat. The Tory share of the vote dropped to 35 percent, while the Labor Party's climbed to 40 percent. The arrogant Iron Lady must now eat humble pie. Elsewhere the change is less pronounced. The Socialists have gained a bit in Italy and held

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COMING UP

A Special Issue on the Black Family in the United States

Edited and Written by Black Women

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Frame-Up Abroad and at Home: The A.P. and Nolan

I was glad to see I.F. Stone's death noted as a moment of consequence, but some of the honorifics made my stomach turn. Mainstream institutions that wouldn't have touched him for his most heterodox and important work during the wars in Korea and Vietnam came loping forward to appropriate him as someone wrongheaded at times but still the conscience of the trade, as though the trade had a conscience and as though they themselves were somehow better because of Stone. In *The Boston Globe* the editorial-page editor, Martin Nolan, was quoted as hailing Stone's work as "the most important venture in desk-top publishing since Tom Paine." Only a few days earlier Nolan had been responsible for exactly the sort of shifty fact-mangling that Stone excelled in exposing.

On June 5, A.P. put on its wires the entirely untrue story that both Nicaragua and Vietnam were supportive of the Chinese government in shooting down demonstrators in Tiananmen Square. In Nicaragua's case A.P.'s falsehood was based on some misrepresentations of *Barricada*'s coverage so blatant that eight days later the wire service felt compelled to issue a "corrective" to its subscribers. (I discussed the falsifications in a column for *The Wall Street Journal* on June 15.)

On Thursday, June 8, *The Boston Globe*'s lead editorial, titled "Sad Bedfellows," denounced Vietnam and also Cuba for supposedly supporting the Chinese, and then stated that "the Sandinista government in Nicaragua has maintained official silence about the bloodbath in Beijing. Its newspaper, *Barricada*, reported the Chinese government's assertion that the 'armed intervention in Tiananmen Square' was necessary to prevent 'worse bloodshed.' "

The particularly slippery aspect of this editorial is that by the time it was written, *The Globe* knew that the A.P. story was utterly wrong. That same Thursday the paper ran a correction in its news columns. And *The Globe*'s editorial page also knew, since its editorial included a reference to Nicaraguan student criticism of the massacre, a main element in the disposal of A.P.'s canard, since the government had declared that it mirrored its own position.

Friday's paper carried a piece by *Globe* editorial writer and columnist Randolph Ryan which clarified matters further. *The Globe*'s foreign desk, he wrote, had investigated the A.P.'s story and concluded it was "based on interpretive—and highly selective—readings of *Barricada*'s China coverage." If that investigation was going on through Tuesday and Wednesday, and was clearly reflected not only in the news correction on Thursday but in the editorial itself, why did the editorial say that Nicaragua had been silent, when the official newspaper had described the carnage as "one of the darkest nights in Chinese history"?

Around 8 o'clock on the night that *The Globe*'s editorial ran, Mark Cook called Nolan. Cook was working on a radio program called "Undercurrents," put together by Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting and broadcast by WBAI in New York. Cook pointed out that the embassies of the three relevant countries had labeled stories of their support for China as preposterous. So why had Nolan sanctioned the editorial? According to Cook, Nolan maintained that the editorial department had not known about the news department's correction. But this claim strains credulity. "O.K., you're gonna run this," Nolan concluded to Cook, "but when Danny Ortega comes out praising Deng Xiaoping, you run that too, because he's gonna." (Nolan is on holiday and could not be reached for his memory of this exchange.)

About the time Nolan was saying this, praise for Deng was coming not from Ortega, who deplored "the use of violence against the Chinese people," but from George Bush. That same Thursday night, Bush was speaking kindly of the diminutive "reformer," describing him as "forward looking" in the 1970s. *The Globe* did not see fit to print this portion of Bush's remarks in its coverage of his press conference. Having been a leading actor in this squalid performance, Nolan soon after burnished suitable homilies to Stone and his great influence upon American journalism.

The Lies of Alan Dershowitz

While U.S. news organizations were falling joyfully upon the A.P. story without asking themselves if it was likely that Nicaragua would support a country that had sent arms to the *contras*, or Vietnam one that had invaded it, a domestic equivalent of A.P.'s fabrication was being prepared.

On June 11 the *Los Angeles Times* ran a syndicated column by Alan Dershowitz titled "Leftist Cacophony for Human Rights Grows Silent on the Beijing Massacre." Dershowitz claimed that on June 7 and 8 an "associate" whom he did not identify had reached "a fairly representative sample of the usually irrepressible and cacophonous left. Not a single one was prepared to condemn the Chinese government." Then he cited his supposed findings:

> William Kunstler . . . had nothing to say. . . . His office told my associate he would have no comment. . . . Similarly, Noam Chomsky . . . has been silent about China, according to his secretary. . . . The extreme-left press—the Guardian, the Workers Vanguard, the Revolutionary Worker and other Marxist weeklies—were busy trying to fit the events in China into their political orthodoxies. The Workers World Party condemned the students as counter-revolutionaries. . . . Even the Nation, whose June 12 issue must have gone to press before the massacre, . . . ignored the students' homage to the Statue of Liberty, their references to Patrick Henry and their repetition of American freedom slogans. Finally, the National Lawyers Guild . . . has decided that the Chinese situation "is too complex and too fluid" for immediate comment. It refuses to condemn the naked aggression of the army.

This is probably as concentrated a number of lies in sixteen lines as in any piece of journalism in recent memory. Start with Kunstler. He says his office never received an inquiry from the "associate" and "it would have been strange if I had ever authorized such a claimed response when I have

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

characterized the slaughter of the students on the CBS Evening News as 'a massacre.' "

Noam Chomsky tells me that his secretary at M.I.T. called him on June 8 to say that a reporter from the *Boston Herald* had rung to ask for the Chomsky public statement on the events in Beijing. Chomsky does not issue press releases. He does respond to requests from the press for interviews and had just concluded some radio interviews and a column about *perestroika* for the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* in which he also criticized Beijing. The supposed reporter for the *Herald* did not ask to speak with Chomsky.

As for the weekly left papers Dershowitz says he scrutinized, they would have been working on the same deadline as he, and thus could not possibly have published anything on the massacre, which occurred only days before his "research" began. Why didn't he call them? "It never crossed my mind," he told my colleague Tristan Reader. Yet *Workers Vanguard* says it read portions of the coverage (extremely critical of the Beijing regime) to the "associate" before it went to press. *The Nation*'s editorial, dated June 12 though published on May 25, specifically mentioned the Statue of Liberty, Patrick Henry and what Dershowitz calls "American freedom slogans." Michael Cowan, executive director of the National Lawyers Guild, insists that he made clear to the "associate" that the Guild condemned the use of force against the demonstrators and urged China to abide by its constitutional provisions of free speech. In what may be the column's only reflection of reality, the Workers World Party did denounce the students.

So who was the "associate"? Dershowitz used two assistants, Maura Kelly and Matt Levitt. He tells me that he wanted to "elicit" the reactions of left people and organizations to the events in Beijing, assuming that comment would be more cautious than if it had been a matter of U.S. or Israeli violations. He asked his assistants to identify themselves as working for a columnist for the *Boston Herald*, thus concealing his identity. Dershowitz says this is not misrepresentation, since the *Herald* is the "flagship" for his column syndicated by United Features.

What I found grotesque, I told Dershowitz, was that he should have characterized the "left" on the basis of a few furtive telephone requests for a "statement," making no attempt to interview the objects of his denunciations. Dershowitz said that I was at liberty to criticize his methodology. I do. I think it is the height of dishonesty, in both large and small degree, right down to his pretense that when he says the *Nation* editorial "ignored" the students' homage to the Statue of Liberty etc., he was using "ignored" in the sense of "discounted."

How can the people defamed and misrepresented by Dershowitz set the record straight? (He says he is writing a second column, which, on the evidence of the first, is like hearing Lee Atwater say he wants to set the record straight.) United Features will not reveal the column's clients and will not transmit letters of rebuttal, though it says it is looking into the matter. We know the column ran in five newspapers, the most prominent of which are the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, but it was sent to twenty-five. The editors at those five papers were asked if they would regard Dershowitz's practices acceptable from their own reporters. With the exception of Lionel Rolfe, acting editor of the B'nai B'rith *Messenger* in Los Angeles, who straightforwardly said no, they all begged the question, suggesting that as "commentary" the column was immune to normal reality tests, even though it made assertions of fact that were absolutely false.

Dershowitz says the left holds Israel to a more exigent standard than it does other countries. As a matter of fact Israel supplies arms to China, which may well have been used to kill the demonstrators. Tristan Reader called the Israeli Embassy to ask if such arms shipments would cease. He was told that Israel does not comment on arms shipments. He asked for the position of the Israeli government on the massacre in Beijing. After five calls and as many promises of a response, he was still waiting as we went to press.

In his column Dershowitz wrote that his associate contacted the P.L.O.'s "United Nations delegation spokesperson" about the massacre and was told, "It is an internal problem. We are not going to get involved." Dershowitz himself told Reader that he spoke to the "Palestinian press office." The only official press office, however, was forcibly closed last year. The U.N. mission has no press office, so Dershowitz could have got an official statement only from Zuhdi Terzi, head of the U.N. mission. Terzi says he was not asked by Dershowitz or by anyone else for a statement on China, that "such issues require directives from Tunis and we have received no such directives." So the P.L.O.'s official position is the same as Israel's. Dershowitz says he condemns Israel's silence just as he condemns any arms shipments that might be made now, since the massacre. But he didn't write a column about it. He just libeled the left, and the two largest papers in California were happy to print his lies without question.

They did so because they are happy to entertain any falsehood about the left at home or abroad. So how can they now honor I.F. Stone, a man of the left in the tradition of the popular front? They deny he belonged to the left. Tom Wicker, in *The New York Times* for June 20, stated, incredibly, that in early 1965 Stone was making the "prescient point" that "bombing North Vietnam was an ineffective substitute for winning the ground war in South Vietnam." Wrong. This is what Charles Mohr, Neil Sheehan and other *Times* journalists were saying. Stone was saying the war was a criminal enterprise and the United States should get out. But Wicker wanted to haul I.F. Stone into the realm of the respectable, as did *The Boston Globe* in its editorial for June 20, which said, "His dedication to democracy and human justice led many to misidentify him as a creature [!] of the left. He was, in fact, a partisan of personal dignity and an opponent of privilege." In other words, Relax fellows, he was one of ours.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Wirth: Where the Beef Is

In a Senate hearing room on June 8 several lawmakers stood beside biotech gadfly Jeremy Rifkin to announce the start of a three-year citizen campaign to help reverse global warming. The lawmakers, along with representatives of nineteen national organizations—including the Y.M.C.A., the Girl Scouts, the National Council of Churches and the National Science Teachers Association—plugged a list of 101 actions concerned consumers can take: for instance, substituting compact fluorescent lighting for incandescent bulbs. Lighting accounts for 25 percent of U.S. electricity use, and fluorescent lights use much less electricity.

Conspicuously absent was Senator Tim Wirth, the Colorado Democrat who is known as somewhat of an environmentalist. Wirth had been a sponsor of the campaign until the evening before the press conference, when he withdrew his endorsement, according to Andrew Kimbrell, policy director of the Greenhouse Crisis Foundation, which organized the campaign. Wirth's office "gave us no rationale," he adds. Earlier in the week, however, the National Cattlemen's Association told Wirth that it took exception to Step #70: Eat less red meat to reduce deforestation. Wirth in turn decided not to back the campaign so long as it advocates lower beef consumption. An aide explains that Wirth feels the campaign should focus on the more pressing causes of ozone depletion rather than getting into a divisive argument over red meat. "We need a broad-based constituency if we are going to fight global warming," he says. That presumably includes the beef industry.

■ What's $800,000 Between Friends?

Senator Patrick Leahy slammed his hand down, and his face turned red. "Don't tell me . . . if you don't know," he yelled at H. Diehl McKalip, director of operations for the Defense Security Assistance Agency, who was testifying before Leahy's Foreign Operations Subcommittee. What had got Leahy so exercised was that the General Accounting Office, acting in response to a request by Senator Tom Harkin, had confirmed the suspicions of Congressional investigators that airplane fuel provided to the El Salvador Air Force under a U.S. military aid program had been resold to Oliver North's *contra* resupply network and to the U.S. military. Return from the sales came to about $800,000, and Leahy wanted to know what Gen. Juan Rafael Bustillo, the Salvadoran Air Force commander, had done with the cash. Bustillo refused to cooperate fully with the G.A.O. probe, but McKalip claimed that the Pentagon did know where the money had gone: It went into the operating budget of the Ilopango air base and bought such necessities as ladders and doors. But when pressed by Leahy, McKalip could not give a precise account of the number of doors and ladders purchased, and that triggered the Senator's explosion. "We give one to one-and-a-half million dollars every day to a little country smaller than my home state of Vermont," Leahy shouted. "Tell me where [the money] went. If we don't know, it's a violation of the Arms Export Control Act."

As Capitol Hill lawmakers get ready to dish out another $386 million in aid to El Salvador, they should keep in mind the mystery of the missing $800,000—and the contempt Bustillo displayed for Congress, whose misplaced munificence keeps Bustillo's beloved military waist-high in cash.

■ Be All You Can Be in Guatemala

The crash landing of a U.S. Army helicopter in Guatemala on May 16 confirmed that U.S. National Guard troops are training in the largest country in Central America for the first time. Guard units from Kentucky, Hawaii and Georgia also have conducted exercises in Guatemala this year, according to Pentagon documents obtained by Peggy Moore of the National Guard Clearinghouse in St. Louis.

The Guatemala exercises mark the latest expansion of the Pentagon's use of Guard troops in Central America. Since 1984 thousands of part-time soldiers have received their two weeks of annual training in Honduras, Panama and Costa Rica. While billed as training and humanitarian missions, the overseas exercises are an essential part of U.S. strategy to maintain military domination of the region. The helicopter that crashed was assigned to the 326th Medical Battalion out of Fort Campbell, Kentucky. "Medical units are a favorite of low-intensity conflict strategists," Moore notes. "They can always be justified as helping poor people." The 326th is a component of the 101st Airborne Division, whose mission is "air assault."

■ They Died for Your Guns

It took the National Rifle Association seventeen days to exploit the Tiananmen Square massacre by running a full-page ad in *The Wall Street Journal* to remind Americans that the Chinese students and workers could "only hurl words," not bullets, at the People's Liberation Army. Quicker to the draw was the Second Amendment Foundation, an even more ardent pro-gun group. Immediately after the tragedy, it rushed out a press release declaring, "The Chinese Government's massacre . . . argues persuasively against gun control." The slaughter, it said, shows what can happen when citizens are not allowed to possess semiautomatic weapons. Alan Gottlieb, the group's founder, asserted, "If the media reported the effect of a disarmed populace on the Chinese leaders' decision to fire upon their own citizens, there would be substantially less public support for a semiautomatic rifle ban." It's too bad those kids in Stockton, California, weren't armed when that madman opened fire in their schoolyard.

■ Correction

Our June 12 item on the two U.S. government employees who were arrested and beaten by Salvadoran security forces stated incorrectly that the Inter-American Foundation receives most of its funding from the State Department. The government agency is instead funded directly by Congress and by the Inter-American Development Bank.

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ARTICLES.

LETTER FROM MOSCOW

The Buttons Of *Glasnost*

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Moscow

The Congress of People's Deputies, which convened May 25 and was televised live, visibly demonstrated the extraordinary range and deep polarization of political views in the Soviet Union today. A preliminary analysis, published in the youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* on May 31, concluded that of the 2,250 deputies, 25 to 30 percent were "radical," 40 to 55 percent "balanced" and 15 to 20 percent "more cautious," meaning conservative to right-wing. Indeed, on the third day of the proceedings one deputy lamented that the assembly's debates were becoming a verbal "civil war."

In fact, Soviet political attitudes have always been exceedingly diverse and fractious, though they have been muted for decades by censorship. Four years of *glasnost* have released such an explosion of conflicting opinions, from the far left to extreme right, that it is unlikely anyone will ever again imagine the Soviet Union as in any way "monolithic." The sharp reduction of censorship since 1985 has freed people to discuss openly a broad range of formerly taboo subjects, from Stalin's crimes to present-day abuses of power, widespread poverty, ecological calamities, prostitution, drug abuse and organized crime. Conflicting Soviet outlooks are expressed in many different ways—in the mass media and the intelligentsia's traditional "thick" journals, but also in independent publications, unsanctioned documentary films and even forms of street culture.

Three documentary films not yet authorized for release but being shown privately in Moscow examine some of the political polarities in Soviet society today. *Is Stalin Still With Us?* focuses on longstanding neo-Stalinist, right-wing attitudes that have been intensified by Mikhail Gorbachev's anti-Stalinist policies. Without editorial commentary, director Tofik Shakhverdiyev allows various neo-Stalinists—a veteran, a pensioner, a schoolteacher, a policeman and a taxi driver—to call for a return to Stalin's kind of despotic social order. "These people were eager to talk to me," Shakhverdiyev explained, "because they believe that *glasnost* has been monopolized by the anti-Stalinists." Another film, *Day of Revelation*, portrays the political forces on the other end of the spectrum—the self-described democratic left and its recent burst of meetings and rallies that are testing the limits of Gorbachev's pluralism. The film includes, for example, sympathetic scenes of the Democratic Union, which professes to be a new political party and renounces the entire history of Soviet Communist rule since 1917.

Yet another film, *Counter-Suit*, dramatizes the direct and often potentially violent conflict between the forces of right and left. It chronicles the efforts by pro-*perestroika* groups in Minsk, the capital of Byelorussia, to organize a memorial rally at Kuropaty, where Stalin's N.K.V.D., forerunner of the K.G.B., executed and buried thousands of people in the late 1930s. Hundreds of demonstrators were physically blocked by a legion of police dispatched by the city's anti-*perestroika* Communist Party organization. The centerpiece of the film, shot in grainy black and white with a clandestine hand-held camera, is a scene of local police dragging and beating marchers as they approach the killing field. In an extraordinary moment of historical self-consciousness, the demonstrators shout "Vendée! Vendée! Vendée!" referring to the French province where a bloody counterrevolution erupted in the eighteenth century.

Another reflection of the polyphony of Soviet political voices can be found in a grimy tenement near the Proletarian metro station, four stops from the center of Moscow. The Perspective information center is both a library that collects the publications of more than a hundred independent, or "informal," political clubs of all ideological hues and a political action cooperative that gathers and distributes information about their activities. Scores of students, journalists and club members visit the center weekly to read the latest issues of publications that just a few years ago were called *samizdat* and repressed, and today are called "independent" and tolerated.

DRAWINGS BY SUE COE

This is the last of a series of articles that Katrina vanden Heuvel has been writing from the Soviet Union.

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The Perspective center was founded last August by members of several clubs with seed money and political protection from the Soviet Sociological Association. Grigori Pelman and Vyacheslav Igrunov, the center's directors, were among the organizers of the first conference of informal political clubs in August 1987. According to Pelman, they decided to form the center as a "nonprofit cooperative" because "that designation gives us some protection from political harassment." As for Perspective's guiding purpose, "We need a political pluralism that is broader than the official concept of socialist pluralism. It must also be based on a pluralism of forms of ownership and of economic and social activities." Twenty people work at the center, including some former dissidents. They are paid about 100 rubles a month ($66), one-sixth the average salary of a cooperative member. The information center hopes to survive on small annual contributions, totaling about 5,000 rubles from individual citizens, and on fees for sociological research about the independent club movement, which has been commissioned by the Russian Ministry of Culture and the popular official youth magazine *Smena* ("Change").

Pelman estimates that there are 1,000 independent political clubs in the Soviet Union today, some with only fifty members, a few with a thousand or more. His estimate does not include dozens of groups in the Baltic republics and in Georgia, or new ones that have sprung up during the 1989 electoral season. Even in Moscow, clubs cover the entire ideological spectrum. According to Igrunov, "You can find anarchists, monarchists, Trotskyists, Leninists, neo-Stalinists, capitalists, liberals, social democrats, greens, hippies, Hare Krishnas and human rights activists. There's even a group called 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat,' which attacks the Communist Party as a bourgeois organization."

Most of the groups put out some kind of publication, appearing sporadically in quantities ranging from twenty to 200. Some are simply typed in multiple copies or photocopied, while others are printed on computers, which are scarce. At the center these journals, bulletins and fliers are stacked on wall-to-wall bookshelves. They include an anarcho-syndicalist monthly, *Obshchina* ("Community"); a social democratic journal, *Otkritaya Zona* ("Open Zone"); and the Democratic Union's bulletin, *Svobodnoe Slovo* ("Free Word"), which stands alongside publications of the neo-Stalinist Russian nationalist Pamyat ("Memory") Society. To distribute information it receives about independent club activities and publications in provincial cities and in the non-Russian republics, Perspective started publishing its own monthly bulletin, *Register*, in April. "We need to fill in the blank spots in our knowledge of what's going on in the rest of the country," Pelman explains. A large map of the Soviet Union hangs on the center's wall, carved into sections with employees' names scrawled across the geographic areas for which they are responsible: Sasha has Siberia; Tanya has Byelorussia; Ilya has the Baltics; Sergei has Moscow; and Oleg has Central Asia.

While documentary films and independent political publications are created mostly by the intelligentsia for the intelligentsia, a more populist form of expressing public opinion—a kind of street *glasnost*—has recently begun to flourish in major Moscow parks and along the city's boulevards. The biggest and best example is in Izmailovsky Park, where popular culture and private enterprise have merged to create a Soviet-style flea market. Scores of vendors line the park's pathways, selling religious artifacts, horoscope charts, *Matryoshka* (nesting) dolls, political caricatures, Halloween-style Stalin masks, keychains with pictures of naked women clipped from Western magazines, and piggybanks in the image of a decrepit, bemedaled Leonid Brezhnev. Wallet-size photographs of Gorbachev and George Bush are sold alongside others of Sly Stallone, Chuck Norris, Madonna, Billy Idol, Michael Jackson and the former porn star Samantha Fox.

But the most popular items are buttons, or *znachki*. For decades, the Soviet government has manufactured countless millions of *znachki* emblazoned with official slogans and images. Enterprising artists and students have transformed that tradition into a form of raw *glasnost*. Their crude white buttons, most with simple black, blue or red type, provide uncensored commentary on a great many once-forbidden subjects, from contemporary politics and sex to historical themes and consumer grievances.

Oleg, a 22-year-old philology student, is one of Moscow's most imaginative button- and slogan-makers. On a sunny Saturday at the end of May, his easel-like stand displayed scores of buttons with an array of blunt messages. Not all of them would be easily understood by Western readers, but many can be: "Boris [Yeltsin], Tell 'Em"; "Yegor [Ligachev], You're Wrong"; "I'll Join Any Party Except the Communist Party"; "I'm Fed Up" (superimposed over a hammer and sickle); "Victim of Propaganda"; "I'm a KGB Agent"; "I'm from the CIA"; and "Veteran of the Cold War." Nor are current social issues overlooked: "AIDS, No!" (superimposed over a smiling condom); "Build Homes for Afghan Vets"; "A Woman Is Also a Person"; and "I Don't Like Raisa [Gorbachev]." Some of Oleg's buttons are notable for their timely wit. Only a few days after sugar (*sakhar*) rationing began in Moscow, one of his buttons read: "[Andrei] Sakharov by Rationing Coupon."

Oleg considers himself both entrepreneur and artist. In a good month, he and his partner can make 800 rubles apiece, nearly four times the average monthly Soviet salary. On the other hand, he laments that his most artful slogans, playfully derived from Russian literary and cultural themes, have less popular appeal than the jugular attacks on the Communist Party or Ligachev.

It may seem a long cultural distance from Izmailovsky Park to the Congress of People's Deputies, but they both serve as arenas for the ongoing fireworks of Soviet public opinion. The Congress probably includes more intellectuals and artists than any such political assembly since the American Constitutional Convention. Yet the congressional sessions were marked as much by street *glasnost* as by high-flown oratory, sometimes in unexpected ways. On May 25, the conduct of a reigning Soviet leader was publicly questioned for the first time since the 1920s. Responding to

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André Previn: Gershwin, Rhapsody in Blue; Concerto; An American In Paris Philips *DIGITAL* 115437

Mozart, Piano Concertos Nos. 20 & 21 Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. English Baroque Soloists/Gardiner Archiv *DIGITAL* 125208

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) London Classical Players/ Norrington. Angel *DIGITAL* 100467

Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall Schubert, Verdi, others. London *DIGITAL* 115311

Barry Douglas: Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 1 London Symphony Orch. RCA *DIGITAL* 100732

Holst, The Planets Montreal Sym./ Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115448

On The Boardwalk Paragon Ragtime Orch. Newport Classic *DIGITAL* 124699*

Adams, The Chairman Dances; more San Francisco Sym./deWaart. Nonesuch *DIGITAL* 100491

Handel, Water Music English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 115306

Mussorgsky, Pictures At An Exhibition; more Montreal Sym./ Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 125314

Perlman: Brahms, Violin Sonatas Ashkenazy, piano. Angel 233760

Kiri te Kanawa Sings Gershwin Somebody Loves Me, I Got Rhythm, more. Angel *DIGITAL* 170258

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv 115356

Canadian Brass: More Greatest Hits Golliwog's Cakewalk, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 164348

Krystian Zimerman Plays Chopin 4 Ballades, Barcarolle, Fantasie. DG *DIGITAL* 115332

Kronos Quartet: Winter Was Hard Barber Adagio, more. Nonesuch 100675

Horowitz in Moscow Scarlatti, Mozart, others. DG *DIGITAL* 125264

Ute Lemper Sings Kurt Weill Mack The Knife, Speak Low, more. London *DIGITAL* 115163*

Ravel, Boléro; La Valse; more Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115199

Simon Rattle: The Jazz Album Rhapsody In Blue, more. London Sinfonietta. Angel *DIGITAL* 172226

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charges that he didn't "know what's going on inside the country," Gorbachev retorted, "Comrades, I even know about the following incident: In the last bus coming to Moscow, there were veterans carrying quite graphic propaganda: a portrait of Brezhnev wearing medals and a portrait of Gorbachev wearing rationing coupons." □

MIDEAST ELECTIONS AGENDA

Sanctum of The Strong

EDWARD W. SAID

Secretary of State James Baker 3d's May 22 speech to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee appeared to be, and was greeted by some of his audience and some Arabs as, a substantial departure for U.S. Middle East policy. He was explicit about ending the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza; he told Israelis and Palestinians to give up ideas about Greater Israel and the whole of Palestine, respectively; he reiterated the principle of exchanging land for peace, stressed confidence-building measures, noted an emerging political reality for Palestinians. Yet what he said was not really new and, in fact, given its underlying adherence to the Shamir "peace plan," was outright rejectionist. Like Yitzhak Shamir, he opposed the creation of an "independent" Palestinian state and did not refer to the significant developments in the Palestinian political position since the *intifada* began (the resolutions of the Palestine National Council, the recognition of Israel, the reaffirmation of U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338, the two-state solution, the proposal for a comprehensive settlement through an international conference). Without an admonishing word about a "peace plan" that rejects any possibility of negotiation with the P.L.O. or any real change in the military occupation itself, he repeated formulas about U.S. and Israeli love for "democracy" which took the discourse back several decades.

Most specifically, Baker stressed the importance of the Israeli proposal for elections without addressing the central problems of that proposal. Thus what was novel about the speech turned out to be either a matter of "tone" (he didn't prostrate himself before the Israel lobby, and appeared to speak more plainly than other U.S. politicians have in the recent past) or a matter of somewhat refined subterfuge, i.e., endorsing elections in the West Bank and Gaza as a way of bypassing the P.L.O., of splitting the Palestinian community, of entirely defusing the movement toward self-determination. The rest was a restatement of U.S. policy since 1967, repeated countless times even as Israel has been acting unilaterally since 1967 to make its appropriations of Palestinian land irreversible. Without holding Israel to a timetable for elections, without specifying concretely what conditions had to obtain for them to be useful and free, without allowing that Palestinians would be justifiably apprehensive about elections for "self-government" held under a more and more brutal Israeli occupation, Baker's speech advanced the already extensive complicity between the United States and Israel a good deal further, thereby sanctioning more, rather than less, Palestinian suffering.

Consider that since his return from the United States in April, Prime Minister Shamir has seemed to view his visit as licensing an escalation of measures against the *intifada*. He and Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin have said repeatedly that with this unspecified brand of "elections," the Palestinians have been given an alternative to the *intifada*; unless they comply unconditionally, Israeli attacks on Palestinian national life in all its aspects will increase. And, indeed, the Nahhalin massacre took place right after Shamir returned. All of Gaza was placed under curfew until just recently. Israel has kept all Palestinian schools and universities closed, denying education to an entire generation of young people. The number killed during the uprising in April was thirty-eight, almost twice as many as in the previous month. Mosques have either been attacked (Hebron) or closed to worshipers during Ramadan (al-Haram al-Sharif in Jerusalem).

Whatever might give substance to the election proposal—the participation of East Jerusalem residents, freedom of speech and organization, release of political prisoners, participation of international observers—is relegated to the status of "details," which might be discussed later. When Palestinians respond, as Bassam Abu Sharif did in *The Washington Post*, saying that as a population under military occupation we need concrete safeguards against arrest, deportation, curfew, and that we also need protection to safeguard the *results* of our vote (remembering that after municipal elections on the West Bank in 1976 three mayors were maimed, some deported, imprisoned, removed from office), there is refusal to discuss, as well as more repression.

In fact, Shamir revealed what kind of bamboozling of Palestinian nationalism he had in mind in an interview published in *The Jerusalem Post* for May 20, ignored by the U.S. media and of course the U.S. government. Beginning with a vignette from Arab history about how "they" might try to cheat "us" the way "Mohammed (the Prophet)" did when he hoodwinked his opponents in Mecca, Shamir makes it clear that he has no interest in "details," such as giving the vote to residents of East Jerusalem; in fact, he's opposed to all such details "absolutely."

What if, after elections, the Palestinian representatives declare themselves a government? No, answers Shamir, "there has to be prior agreement to the process as a whole." "Q: Agreement with whom? A: With the body with whom we will negotiate. Q: So the agreement won't come before the elections. A: It must come before the elections. Q: But before the elections no one has been elected. So who will agree? A: So how will you vote? Elections will be held only after agreement with a body which will be going to negotiate

Edward W. Said is a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia University and a member of the Palestine National Council.

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with us. . . . Q: But who is this 'body'? A: It will have to be a Palestinian body [but never the P.L.O.]. If Egypt and Jordan want to join, we will welcome them."

As for goals, Shamir says that Palestinians will have "wide-ranging rights . . . to manage the [*sic*] affairs, except for matters of security, which will be under our full and absolute responsibility, and foreign affairs."

No wonder then that to Palestinians the coincidence between U.S. approval of the Israeli election proposal and Shamir's phrase "interim arrangements" appears ominous. "We must," he says to *The Post*, "resolutely stand by our [peace plan and] . . . prove to the people of the *intifada* that [the *intifada*] is not an alternative, that we can suppress it, that we can break it." Indeed, he implies that he prefers Palestinian rejection because, he adds, the Arabs have good reason not to accept Israel's existence.

By accepting that the next, and crucial, period of time will be left to Shamir's initiative, and even accepting the innocuous-sounding formulation of "interim arrangements" (Baker's phrase was "transitional arrangements"), the United States is giving Israel the opportunity it needs to go for an all-out final onslaught against the *intifada*, undeterred by the latest Amnesty International condemnation about political prisoners, or even the State Department's recent human rights report. Although U.S. public opinion polls are running 2 to 1 for a Palestinian state, and although Western Europe has accepted the pro-peace Palestinian position by welcoming Yasir Arafat in places like Paris and Vienna, the United States has shilly-shallied without scruple or misgiving. It has opposed the recent U.N. Security Council resolution condemning Israeli practices; it has had no Congressional hearings on the *intifada*; aid levels are unchecked; according to Thomas Friedman of *The New York Times*, it has opted to use the P.L.O.-U.S. dialogue as a "carrot" for inducing the P.L.O. to go along with its (and Israel's) ideas. Above all, the United States has not required of Israel any clarification on 242, or on the Palestinian proposals crystallized at the Algiers meeting of the P.N.C., openly welcomed by many Israeli and American Jews.

Thus, Baker's speech in context gives Israel yet another chance to do what it and the United States clearly want: to postpone Palestinian claims for as long as possible, with the idea that under more pressure they might dissolve entirely, or become once again subservient to Jordanian ambitions. What Baker proposed as a way of acknowledging those claims without taking them too seriously was to "create an environment" conducive to reducing tension. It is a notion that turns up first in "Building for Peace," a report issued last year by the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, a pro-Israel think tank. Its authors include Walter Mondale and Lawrence Eagleburger, as well as Charles Krauthammer, Steven Spiegel, Daniel Pipes—and Dennis Ross, now Baker's Middle East policy man.

The report puts the ideas from Baker's speech into perspective. It is an unremittingly pro-Israel document, in which *everything* in U.S. Middle East policy is made secondary to a strong relationship with Israel. One item on its list of conditions for conducting policy is "a Palestinian willingness to reduce the level of violence and disorder coupled with an Israeli readiness to ease the restrictions imposed in response to the *intifada*"—not to end the occupation itself, but "just" to relieve the unpleasantness of having to respond to Palestinian "violence and disorder." Palestinians, according to the report, must accommodate to "Israel and its security concerns," and can hope only for assuming "authority over certain aspects of self-government." In pursuit of that modest goal, Israel ultimately "might be convinced to permit free elections in the territories to produce a representative Palestinian leadership," of the sort Shamir describes in his *Jerusalem Post* interview.

In the short run, therefore, time is against the Palestinians. Because of their greater power, Israel and the United States have established a new agenda, i.e., elections. But the realities are such that even with so obviously unattractive a scheme as this, the P.L.O. has not performed as sensibly or as wisely as it could, leaving things to drift without planning, or long-term strategy, or day-to-day assessment. For example, an American constituency for Palestinian rights has emerged, but it is scarcely attended to. We are now at a critical moment, and it requires a major effort to put

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forward an alternative to the fraudulent election plan. The real issue remains Israeli military occupation and the horrendous policy of repression and humiliation that sustains it. For precisely the same period of time intended by Baker and Shamir to defuse and destroy the *intifada* by endless discussion of "elections," we must intensify our witness to the sufferings and bravery of the *intifada*, expanding the appeal to mass public opinion, deflecting and correctly interpreting the intended goal of the U.S.-Israeli election plan, reinscribing the true political and human rights agenda.

Politics is not a matter of flashy declarations, flying visits or heartfelt dialogues, nor is it a statement here and there with no focused attention on the complexities of the U.S. and Israeli political arenas. It requires that detailed knowledge be synchronized with vision; responsibility, with tireless commitment. The road from Algiers to a Palestinian state has only just begun to shimmer before us, but if we don't pull ourselves together now, we'll be in the cold once again. □

THE GREEN REVOLUTION

Bad Seeds in Nicaragua

BILL WEINBERG

Nicaragua's farms were always a favorite target of the *contra* army. Even small peasant plots have been singled out for attack if they receive fertilizers or other inputs under the Nicaraguan government's land reform program. As a result, food production has slumped; until last year's cease-fire, beans and maize tortillas had become increasingly scarce and expensive. The war has also displaced thousands in the countryside, with the Sandinistas in some cases forcibly relocating peasant populations away from areas of *contra* activity to create free-fire zones.

Yet, there are more subtle factors than military attacks behind Nicaragua's rural crisis. One is the green revolution that has transformed world agriculture since World War II. Proponents of the green revolution claim their work is fighting world hunger, but activists like Bill Hall of the Environmental Project on Central America disagree. "The problem of hunger," Hall says, "is related to who controls the land. The green revolution intensifies the concentration of land in elite hands, because small farmers cannot afford the inputs." Ever since the Spanish colonial era, the self-sufficient peasant economy which grows beans and maize for local subsistence has been increasingly squeezed onto smaller and more marginal lands by the export-crop plantations of the oligarchies—whose cotton, coffee and beef production is highly mechanized and heavily dependent on such green revolution inputs as fertilizers, pesticides and hybrid seeds. "Indigenous agriculture supported large populations in Central America for thousands of years," Hall says. "Today Central America is a net importer of basic foodstuffs."

Nicaragua, like virtually every other nation on the planet, has grown dependent on hybrid seeds of "high-yield variety," which are developed and sold by a handful of multinational corporations. This has created a twofold dependency: First, once the hybrid seeds become widely used, native plant strains become extinct, and unless a special effort is made to preserve indigenous varieties, the entire genetic heritage of an agricultural region may disappear in a single season. Once the native strains are gone, there is no choice but to purchase hybrids from the multinationals, which leads to the second level of dependency: While the indigenous strains produce more or less identical new seeds with each crop, the hybrids do not remain genetically pure season after season, but frequently produce new seeds that are low yield or even sterile. To maintain high yields, then, growers are forced back to the market to buy new hybrid seeds with every planting.

The very term "high-yield" is deceptive, for nearly all hybrids produce in bounty only if they are used as part of a package with pesticides and chemical fertilizers—whose principal suppliers are the same multinationals. The treadmill of dependency increases with each season: As more and more pests develop resistance to pesticide sprays, increased spraying is required; and with each year of reliance on inorganic chemical fertilizer and neglect of manure, compost, crop rotation and other traditional methods, the amount of organic matter in the soil declines, making even more fertilizer necessary to produce the same output next time around.

This process promises to accelerate as the high-yield varieties become more sophisticated—always in the name of combating world hunger. Says a senior science adviser at the U.S. Agency for International Development, "In the long run, techniques such as recombinant DNA, protoplast fusion and the . . . development of truly pest-resistant plants, drought- and salt-tolerant varieties and energy-efficient nitrogen-fixing bacteria may be achieved." Although such developments will be of "revolutionary value" to U.S. farmers, says the A.I.D. official, they "will be even more helpful to the resource-poor farmers of the developing countries," and will become "the nucleus of technological packages that the Third World farmers will accept."

However, the vulnerability of an agricultural system that relies on a handful of high-yield varieties was demonstrated as long ago as 1970, when the genetically uniform U.S. corn crop was decimated by the Southern corn leaf blight. This drove home the importance of maintaining a reservoir of genetic material from which new hybrids can be developed as a hedge against disasters. That is what makes the Department of Agriculture's vast seed bank in Fort Collins, Colorado, so important. The facility contains samples of native varieties from every region of the world, including many that are now extinct in their countries of origin. A great many of the strains warehoused at Fort Collins originated in Central America, one of the most genetically prolific regions in the world. (All the world's supply of corn and tomatoes,

Bill Weinberg is working on a book on the environmental crisis in Central America.

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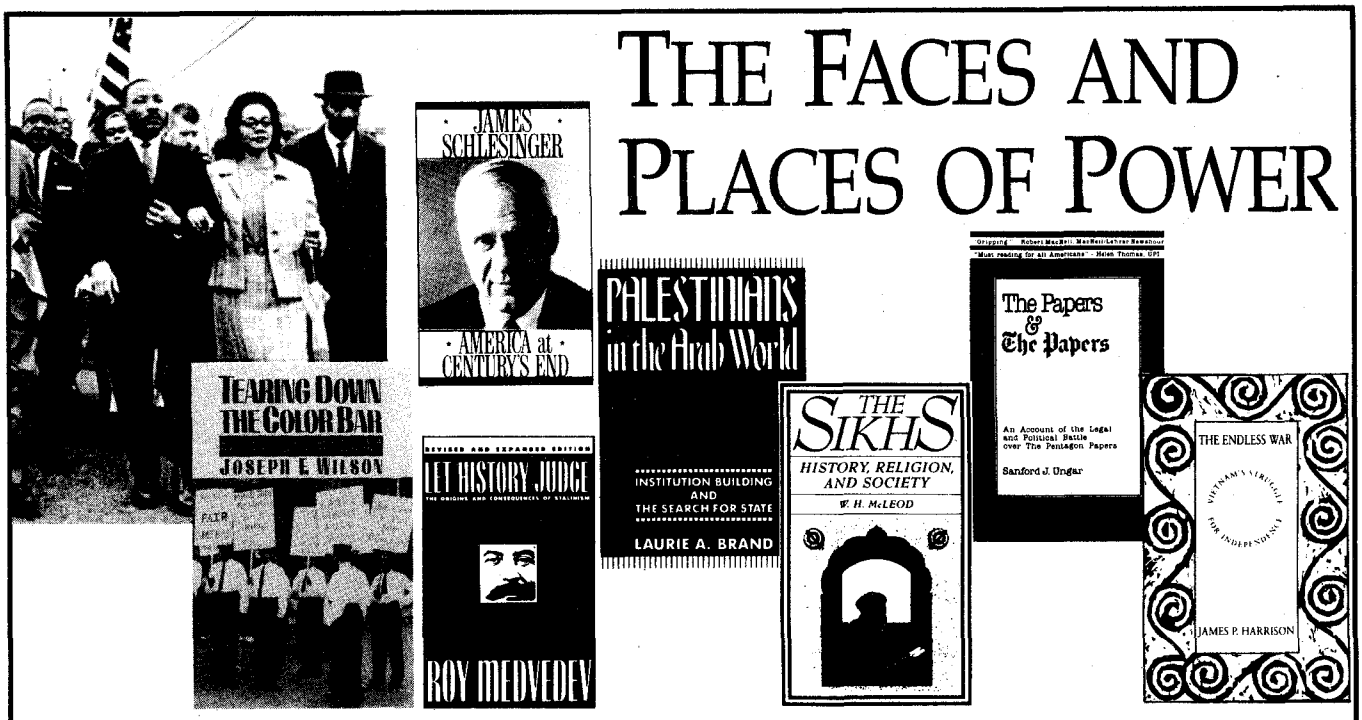
THE FACES AND PLACES OF POWER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for instance, can be traced back to seed varieties of Central American or Mexican origin.)

This gives an ironic twist to Central America's current agricultural crisis: Countries like Nicaragua must go to the multinational corporations to buy hybrid seeds that in some cases were created using Central American native stock. More ironic still, if the multinationals were to withhold the sale of seeds and inputs from a given country, that country would be plunged into a farming disaster: which, to a large extent, is what has happened to Nicaragua.

Before the U.S. economic embargo was imposed in 1985, Nicaragua relied overwhelmingly on hybrid seeds and other green revolution imports from the United States. But exporting these goods was prohibited under the embargo. Yet even before that, the Iowa-based Pioneer Hi-Bred—Nicaragua's main supplier—had pulled out of the country, leaving behind a seed-processing, storage and distribution center. This facility, which had serviced all the company's Central American markets, was far too complex and sophisticated for local needs.

The Sandinista government immediately began seeking alternatives, and with help from European companies like Sandoz of Switzerland and agencies like CUSO—the Canadian equivalent of the Peace Corps—it managed to build itself relatively small-scale seed facilities. The most successful, located on the outskirts of Managua, is called Enprosem. It has even developed its own bean variety—called *Revolución*—which is sold to Costa Rica, Honduras and El Salvador. ("Did you know that Nicaragua is exporting revolution?" quips one Enprosem bean-breeder.)

Nicaragua has recognized that the drive toward agricultural self-sufficiency means preserving and in some cases recovering its indigenous seed varieties. Unfortunately, many of those strains can now be found only at Fort Collins—and their return to Nicaragua is barred under the embargo. In 1984 the Sandinistas turned to the International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center, a World Bank–funded green revolution research facility in Mexico, for help in recovering samples of native Nicaraguan maize. (These had originally been collected in 1964; the Nicaraguan *campesinos* were given a bag of hybrid maize in return.) Two years later, with sympathetic Mexican technicians acting as middlemen, sixty-four samples finally arrived back in Nicaragua. Half of them were dead.

Not surprisingly, Nicaragua's new seed facilities were singled out for attack by the *contras*. On October 12, 1984, in a rare assault on a target so close to the capital, a *contra* raid on Enprosem destroyed the main seed storage warehouses. This attack came on the heels of a raid on an agricultural research station on the Atlantic Coast, whose collection of banana seed varieties was destroyed.

While Nicaragua has tried to cope with technological dependency, economic embargo and *contra* sabotage, the Reagan and Bush Administrations have blamed the country's economic plight on "Sandinista mismanagement." A recent cartoon in the Sandinista daily *Barricada* is a more apt summary of the roots of the crisis. In the first panel, a member of Somoza's National Guard boots a *campesino* off a patch of land while a businessman looks on and says, "I don't care if you're growing maize here. I need this land to grow cotton." In the second panel, the same scene is repeated; this time, the businessman says, "I don't care if you're growing maize here. I need this land to raise beef." In the last panel, the businessman turns to the reader and declares: "There's no maize! It's the fault of the F.S.L.N." □

TOBACCO SMOKESCREEN

Fighting Fire With P.R.

MYRON LEVIN

About 1,500 Americans are killed each year in cigarette fires, according to government estimates, making cigarettes the country's leading cause of fatal fires. These fires have caused up to 7,000 serious injuries and $400 million a year in property loss. Yet research shows that small design changes in cigarettes would make them less prone to ignite furniture and bedding. Lawmakers in increasing numbers have called for legislation to set a fire-resistance standard for cigarettes. But no such laws have yet been passed.

Determined to prevent regulation of their products, the cigarette makers several years ago launched a sophisticated campaign to defuse the issue. They quietly began doling out grants and contracts to fire departments and fire safety organizations, hoping to buy the favor of those whose credibility on the subject would be unquestioned. This outreach to the firefighters is part of a wider effort by the industry to improve its image and court sympathetic groups—including arts, labor, women's and minority organizations—whose support or at least neutrality is politically vital.

By last year the tobacco industry was, according to one of its lawyers, underwriting "the largest privately financed fire education/fire prevention program in the United States." Although industry officials refuse to give a specific figure, they say this investment is in the millions of dollars.

And the investment is paying off. Exploiting its ties with firefighter leaders, the tobacco industry has been able to get about twenty state and national fire-prevention groups to snub a tough bill, now before Congress, that deals with cigarette fires and to endorse instead toothless legislation promoted by the industry. In some cases, the cigarette companies drafted the statements made by those endorsing their bill. Burdened by public mistrust, the tobacco industry has thus managed to work its will through credible organizations dedicated to saving lives.

The industry's fire-prevention allies have denied trying to

Myron Levin is a reporter for the Los Angeles Times *who has studied the tobacco industry under an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowship.*

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repay their tobacco benefactors. Indeed, the cigarette makers' campaign has been so successful that some fire groups have no idea that the misleadingly named Fire Safe Cigarette Implementation Act was in fact drafted by the tobacco industry in order to deny passage of stronger legislation. The industry bill sounded "like motherhood and apple pie," said Mark Kammers, a former president of the Washington State Fire Fighters' Association, which endorsed the bill without discussion.

Although the notion of fire-safe cigarettes has been around for decades, the current battle started with legislation filed by Massachusetts Representative Joe Moakley in 1979, after a cigarette fire killed a family in his district. Moakley and Senators Alan Cranston and John Heinz at first made little headway, but their chances improved as several state legislatures took up similar measures to require fire-safe cigarettes. Leading the countercharge for the industry was the Tobacco Institute, a political research and lobbying organization with an annual budget of at least $29 million, according to Internal Revenue Service disclosures under the Freedom of Information Act.

The industry's resistance is partly due to its fear of the unknown. Despite a drop in smoking, cigarettes remain among the most profitable of all consumer products, generating about $35 billion a year in domestic retail sales. Fire-safe cigarettes might prove no less popular, but with billions of dollars at stake, the industry doesn't want to take chances and has preferred to focus on the problem of individual carelessness instead. The industry also fears the encroachment of government regulation. Although subject to advertising restrictions, tobacco has been exempt from the types of health and safety regulations imposed on other hazardous products. In the eyes of the cigarette makers, a fire-resistance standard would shatter that immunity and perhaps lead to even more regulation.

In the early 1980s the cigarette makers were successful in holding off fire-safety legislation in Congress and at the state level, but they knew the dam might one day break. The time had come to "position the tobacco industry as a concerned 'part of the solution' to influentials," the public relations firm Burson-Marsteller told the Tobacco Institute several years ago in a private internal memorandum. The industry had long contended that fire-safe cigarettes weren't technically feasible, but even some in the industry did not believe this. The argument was "politically inadequate," said Mike Kerrigan, a Tobacco Institute official, in a 1982 memo. "The technology does exist as reflected in certain European cigarettes, as well as More and Sherman cigarettes." The memo recommended "a program of working with Firefighters in matters of public education, fire safety, etc."

As fire-safety bills gained momentum in several states, the industry struck a deal with Congress that held off the states and bought time for its agenda. Compromise legislation, passed in 1984, created a Federal task force including industry representatives to determine through a three-year study if fire-safe cigarettes were technically feasible.

By then the Tobacco Institute had already begun providing millions of dollars' worth of grants, equipment and P.R. services to thousands of fire departments and groups across the country. Scores of metropolitan fire departments got audio-visual equipment and educational materials to run community fire-prevention workshops; the Milwaukee Fire Department got smoke detectors to give to the poor; the San Francisco Fire Department was given a Chinese-language television spot urging use of smoke alarms. The institute also paid fire officials and experts to develop fire-safety curriculum materials and paid tens of thousands of dollars to underwrite training courses by the International Society of Fire Service Instructors (I.S.F.S.I.). For the International Association of Fire Chiefs, the institute produced membership brochures. For the National Volunteer Fire Council (N.V.F.C.), the institute produced fund-raising and membership recruiting kits that have been distributed to about 5,000 volunteer fire departments.

Many beneficiaries saw no problem in taking tobacco lucre. "If they're part of the problem, I think they should be part of the solution," said Edward McCormack Jr., chief executive officer for the I.S.F.S.I. The tobacco companies "have done an admirable job," McCormack said. "I think they have become responsible corporate citizens."

Not everyone agrees. "It would be like the international chiefs of police getting funding from the Mafia to fight crime," remarked Andrew McGuire, who heads the Trauma Center Foundation in San Francisco and has campaigned for years for fire-safe cigarettes.

The industry has lost no chance to win points. In 1982, when the U.S. Fire Administration was imperiled by Reagan budget cuts, tobacco lobbyists helped rescue it. "Our efforts in cooperation with fire groups to save the U.S. Fire Administration continue to be welcomed by the fire community,"

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boasted an internal Tobacco Institute memo in 1986. Meanwhile, the industry sent forth its newfound allies to put out brushfires in the states. When adverse legislation on cigarette fires was introduced in Massachusetts, the institute lined up fire officials to oppose it and "drafted appropriate testimony for the fire chiefs," an internal memo said. By 1986, according to another memo, the institute was "68 percent toward our goal of 200 working relationships within the fire community."

Once the Congressionally mandated Federal task force issued its findings late in 1987, the cigarette makers needed all the working relationships they could get. Through ignition tests of experimental cigarettes, the panel concluded that cigarettes would be more fire safe if they were thinner, with looser-packed tobacco, in less porous paper. Tobacco officials had long contended that if fire-safe cigarettes were possible, they would burn differently and produce more toxic smoke (an interesting argument from people who deny that smoking causes disease). However, the task force found that fire-safe experimental cigarettes produced "tar, nicotine, and carbon monoxide yields . . . within the range of yields from the best-selling commercial cigarettes."

Moakley, Cranston and Heinz pounced on these findings, introducing new legislation. Their bill would give the Consumer Product Safety Commission (C.P.S.C.) a year to establish a fire-safety standard for cigarettes and a method to test compliance. The tobacco firms would have another year to bring their products into line.

The Federal task force had listed potential areas for additional study, including research into the commercial potential of fire-safe smokes. So the industry countered with the proposed Fire Safe Cigarette Implementation Act, which calls for three more years of studies with no provision for action later. Virginia Representative Rick Boucher, a principal sponsor of the industry measure, complained that the Moakley bill called on the C.P.S.C. "to set a standard now for something that science hasn't said a standard can be set for." The industry "could stretch this thing out to the year 2000," with "study upon study upon study," complained Jeanne Weigum, president of the Minnesota Association for Nonsmokers. "When you're talking about innocent children dying in cigarette-caused fires . . . you've got to go after solving the problem as quickly as possible," said the Trauma Center's McGuire. "Clearly the [industry] bill does not have that as its goal."

Boucher's main co-sponsor is another Virginia lawmaker, Representative Thomas Bliley Jr. Federal records show that from 1985 to 1988, Bliley—whose constituents include thousands of employees of industry leader Philip Morris—was given $34,500 in campaign contributions from tobacco industry political action committees, while Boucher received $16,700. Tobacco companies also paid Bliley $20,000 in speaker's fees from 1985 to 1987.

Indeed, tobacco officials apparently drafted the Boucher-Bliley bill. Boucher denies this, but a Bliley aide said the industry "came up with . . . basically the legislation that we introduced, at our request."

With the issue back before Congress, the Tobacco Institute anxiously scanned the horizon, identifying several of "the potentially more zealous" firefighter leaders in a 1988 memo, which went on to say, "Each of these people could be preempted by others from their organizations (which should be encouraged.)" But in fact few of the fire organizations have given cigarette makers any trouble. The National Fire Protection Association, the International Association of Fire Fighters and the International Association of Fire Chiefs have endorsed the Moakley bill, but the tobacco industry boasts about twenty fire-service endorsements.

A key industry ally has been James Monihan, chair of the National Volunteer Fire Council and president of the Joint Council of National Fire Service Organizations, a sort of steering committee for the major fire groups. Outspoken supporters of the Boucher-Bliley bill, Monihan and the N.V.F.C. have arranged endorsements by state groups.

Monihan expressed appreciation for the efforts of the tobacco industry, but denied any undue influence on his group. He said the industry bill recognized the need for cooperation among all parties, including the cigarette manufacturers. "There's a simplistic answer to things and there's a practical answer," he said. "Going head-to-head hasn't gotten us anywhere."

But the N.V.F.C.'s ties with the industry go beyond a simple meeting of the minds. When I first called Monihan more than a year ago, he told me he consulted a Tobacco Institute official before deciding to call back. And in a recent interview, Monihan acknowledged that drafts of his group's press release and fact sheet endorsing the industry bill were prepared by the Tobacco Institute.

Moreover, the N.V.F.C. has allowed a Tobacco Institute consultant, Peter Sparber, to double as one of its officials. Sparber is a former Tobacco Institute vice president and was for years coordinator of its strategy on the fire issue. Sparber joined members of Congress and fire-service leaders in Washington, D.C., at a February press conference to promote fire sprinkler legislation, going by the title of legislative director of the N.V.F.C. Recently, five different Pennsylvania fire-safety organizations endorsed the industry bill in identical letters to members of Congress, right down to the "cc: Peter Sparber" beneath the signature.

Iowa Firemen's Association President Robert Platz, who signed that group's endorsement, said he was not aware

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TWO VIEWS OF THE ISRAELI–PALESTINIAN CONFLICT

EDWARD SAID
Parr Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia University

MERON BENVENISTI
Former Deputy Mayor of Jerusalem, Director, West Bank Data Project

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of the Moakley bill. The president of the Oregon Fire Chiefs' Association, which also endorsed the industry bill, referred questions to the Oregon state fire marshal, whom he identified as his group's main source of information. But Fire Marshal Olin Greene, who also endorsed the industry bill, said he had not known at the time that the Moakley bill existed. Greene also said he did not recall who briefed him on the issue, although a notation at the bottom of his endorsement letter showed that a copy went to the Tobacco Institute.

In February, Roger McGary, past president of the International Society of Fire Service Instructors, wrote the leader of another group to request its endorsement of the industry bill. "Should you have any specific questions please contact Peter G. Sparber," McGary wrote, giving Sparber's phone number. McGary himself was not up on specifics of the bill: "Some of this stuff is a little foggy for me," he said.

With Congressional hearings on the two bills pending, prospects for passage of the Moakley legislation are not the best. Said Andrew McGuire: "Muddying the waters is the goal of the tobacco industry, and they are doing a wonderful job." ◦□

Pitchers

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Thomas Messer, to pose against the Frank Lloyd Wright building for a newspaper advertisement and wisecrack: "Individual and corporate support has kept us in the black. Not to mention cobalt blue, cadmium yellow and burnt sienna."

Just down Fifth Avenue, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an engraved plaque near the entrance offers a long roster of corporate benefactors, among them A.T.&T., Ford, Coca-Cola, Xerox and CBS Inc. An exhibition of Southeast Asian tribal art now on display at the Met is "made possible by Reliance Group Holdings, Inc." Elsewhere in the museum, visitors are prominently advised that the Goya show is sponsored by Manufacturers Hanover and the New York Stock Exchange, institutions not widely noted for their "spirit of enlightenment," the exhibition's subtitle.

The Met, regarded by many as the country's leading museum, also has become a prime party palace for the very rich. Just over a year ago, for example, some 500 guests gathered in its marble precincts to toast the newly married Laura Steinberg, daughter of Saul Steinberg (C.E.O. of Reliance Group Holdings), and Jonathan Tisch, nephew of Laurence Tisch (C.E.O. of CBS Inc.). "Candlelight Wedding Joins 2 Billionaire Families," enthused *The New York Times*, whose publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, is chair of the museum's board of trustees.

Tiffany & Company took over the Met in September 1987

Herbert I. Schiller is a professor of communication at the University of California, San Diego. This article is adapted from his book Culture Inc.: The Corporate Takeover of Public Expression, *to be published by Oxford University Press in September.*

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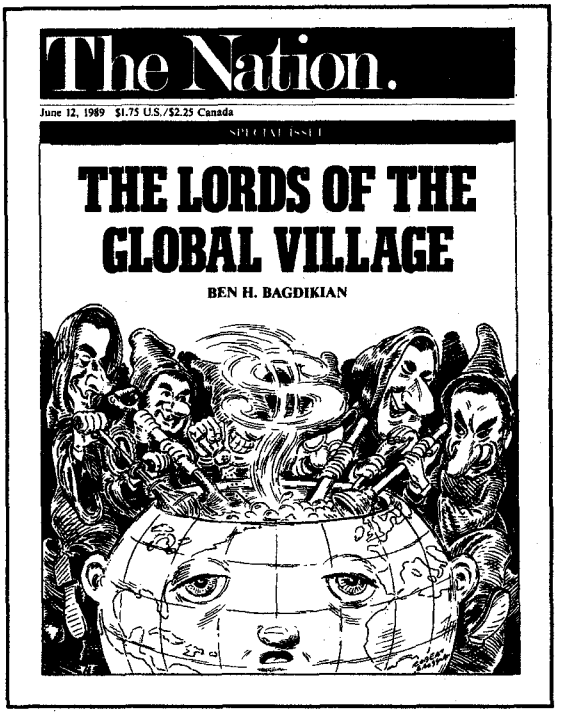

In this special issue of *The Nation*, Ben H. Bagdikian assesses the alarming growth of the communications corporation, the shrinking of the media universe and the consequent threat to "freedom and diversity in global news, information and culture." Join Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, as he follows the trail of the media giants in their march around the world. See how they amass, homogenize, dominate and devour. Meet a gallery of media barons, from the obscure Reinhard Mohn to the notorious Rupert Murdoch.

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to mark its 150th anniversary with an exhibition modestly titled "Triumphs of American Silver-Making: Tiffany & Co. 1860–1900." Later in the year, the firm persuaded another of the nation's major cultural institutions, the American Museum of Natural History, to mount a show called "Tiffany: 150 Years of Gems and Jewelry." In Boston, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum had not been used for commercial promotion until 1987, when it leaped into the postmodern corporate age and turned its premises over to the Elizabeth Arden Company, which was introducing a new perfume to local shoppers.

Each week, the art pages of *The New York Times* carry listings of shows in galleries and museums underwritten by the Philip Morris Company. Last year, Canada passed a law expressly forbidding the linking of tobacco brand names to cultural and sporting events. But in the United States, as *The Wall Street Journal* headlined not long ago, "Tobacco Firms, Pariahs to Many People, Still Are Angels to the Arts." In 1987, Philip Morris took out a two-page color spread in *The New York Times Magazine* to promote an exhibition of art in black America, all the while saturating black neighborhoods with cigarette advertising. Charles Simon, a former senior partner of Salomon Brothers and a Whitney Museum of Art trustee, is quoted in *The Journal* as endorsing the company's claim to being "good citizens—not killers."

Much as commercial television responds to its sponsors' pressure for top audience-share ratings by organizing its programming around star-studded, highly promoted, visually dazzling but substantively empty shows, museums now favor blockbuster exhibitions, thus exposing the visiting throngs to the banners and logos of the shows' corporate sponsors. Such exhibits generally are nonprovocative and certainly are unquestioning of the corporate political economy.

"Most corporate sponsors finance exhibitions based on centrist ideals and uncontroversial subject matter," says Brian Wallis, former curator of the New Museum of Contemporary Art and a senior editor of *Art in America*. Thus, the funding of art exhibitions helps to conceal "the conflict between . . . humanitarian pretenses and the neo-imperialist expansion of multinational capitalism today . . . by providing both the museum and the corporation with a tool for enriching individual lives while suppressing real cultural and political differences, for promoting art 'treasures' while masking private corporate interests."

The underwriting of museum exhibitions by big business leads inevitably, as does advertising-supported television, to self-censorship. The result: Public awareness of social reality is continually diminished. As Haacke has observed, shows that could "promote critical awareness [or] present products of consciousness dialectically and in relation to the social world, or question relations of power, have a slim chance of being approved."

Equally damaging, what is generally presented is an alternative, but veiled, ideological message—one that emphasizes the social neutrality of art and its alleged universal essence. This is achieved mainly by mounting exhibits that are assemblages of discrete items, set in ahistorical arrays. The art object is thus abstracted from its social and historical contexts and becomes merely a product in itself—lovely, perhaps, but without meaning or connection. This phenomenon is demonstrated in Debra Silverman's careful scrutiny of two art exhibits on the People's Republic of China, one in a department store (Bloomingdale's) and the other in a museum (the Met).

Appropriately enough, Bloomingdale's, the flagship of affluent consumerism, organized the first of the two exhibits of China's cultural legacy in September 1980. The department store turned its sales floors into display centers of "timeless, aristocratic and rare" Chinese goods, but it was all bogus. Silverman writes: "The dazzling artifacts from the People's Republic were not authentic vessels of ancient mysteries but rather the simulated products of a shrewd business alliance between the Bloomingdale's managers and the Communist Chinese Government." The "rare" items were made by postrevolution "sweated craft labor."

The Bloomingdale's extravaganza was quickly followed, and *matched*, by an exhibition in December 1980 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: "The Manchu Dragon: Costumes of China, the Ch'ing Dynasty, 1644–1912." It was organized and installed by Diana Vreeland, grande dame of high fashion and longtime editor of *Vogue*. Silverman compared the two shows:

> Despite the presumed difference between the consumerist [Bloomingdale's] and high cultural [Met] versions of China, the 1980 Met museum show shared the themes and selectivity of the Bloomingdale's packaging of China. The theme of the Met exhibition was the celebration of China as a timeless, aristocratic culture devoted to artistic crafts. . . . Historical specificity was entirely lacking from the exhibition displays; the only guiding principle was the emphasis on the long reign of luxury and opulence signified by the rulers' magnificent clothes and elegant furniture.

The message found at Bloomingdale's and the Met was the same: Art has no social base, it is the product of timeless talent and creative genius. The social conditions present where it originates are irrelevant, thus they do not appear in the show. Individual aesthetic impulses may have found gratification in the exhibit; social understanding could not possibly be expected. The visitor may have gone home

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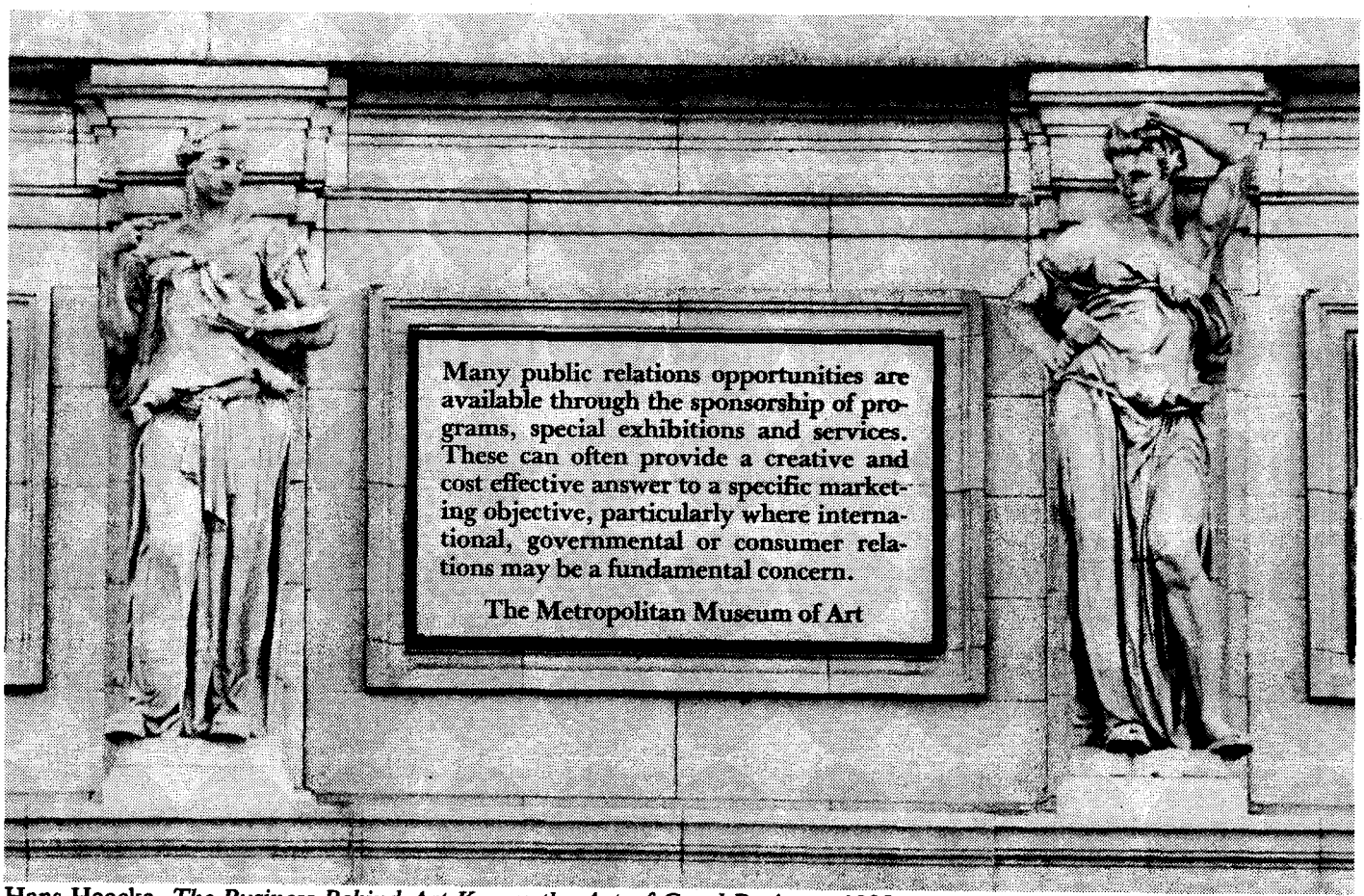
believing he or she had been touched by culture. The museum and the store got their crowds and customers; the corporate sponsors filled their quota of visible public service.

The corporate embrace of museums obviously is meant to avoid social instability. Yet whether the millions of visitors who flow through museums nowadays come out of them more depoliticized than when they entered is unknowable. It will remain so unless "exit polls" such as those taken outside voting booths are introduced—a ludicrous prospect. Even then, some fairly detailed questions would be required to elicit useful information.

Actually, Hans Haacke tried this technique in some of his gallery shows, first in 1969 and more successfully in 1972 and 1973. He asked visitors to fill out lengthy questionnaires, tabulating the answers and making them available while the exhibition remained in place. In 1970, Haacke asked visitors to a show that included his work at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York City to answer the question: "Would the fact that Governor Rockefeller has not denounced President Nixon's Indochina policy be a reason for you not to vote for him in November?" At the end of the twelve-week exhibition, the ballot boxes had registered the following results: 25,566 (68.7 percent) yes; 11,563 (31.3 percent) no. This was an especially ironic outcome, for MoMA has been a Rockefeller fiefdom since its founding in 1929. Haacke has not been given another show at MoMA.

For twenty years, Haacke has been stripping bare the consciousness industry and challenging the place of art and the museum in it. His works constitute a searching examination of the connection between art and the system of power and money-making, and of the uses of art to mask and conceal the rankest forms of exploitation: slum landlordism in New York City; apartheid in South Africa and its corporate supporters and beneficiaries; advertising images and the reality behind them. As the critic Leo Steinberg put it, Haacke discovered the secret of what material is *not* acceptable to the consciousness industry. This is no small achievement, since practically everything that creative minds and talents produce can be appropriated and used to the advantage of the industry. Haacke's achievement rests, writes Steinberg, "in asking how money that might be diverted to art is actually made. . . . It is here, in the prurient reversion to the sources of wealth, that we recognize the obscene, the unacceptable."

Haacke and those who do similar work in the arts are hardly serious matches for the consciousness industry. Yet they keep alive a spirit of resistance, like that provided by San Diego artists David Avalos, Louis Hock and Elizabeth Sisco. The three succeeded in eliciting a howl of indignation from the city's establishment by making a three-paneled poster depicting the use and abuse of migrant labor in San Diego. The official outrage was deepened by the wide dissemination of the art as placards on a hundred local buses in the two weeks preceding an anticipated tourist flood into the city to view Superbowl XXII in 1988. □


Many public relations opportunities are available through the sponsorship of programs, special exhibitions and services. These can often provide a creative and cost effective answer to a specific marketing objective, particularly where international, governmental or consumer relations may be a fundamental concern.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Hans Haacke, *The Business Behind Art Knows the Art of Good Business*, 1985

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Gains and Losses

(*Continued From Page 41*)

their ground in West Germany, France and Spain. Their relative improvement coincides with a setback of the center-right in these countries.

The worst result of the elections is the advance of the extreme right. Though Western Europe is in the ascendant phase of the trade cycle, the deep economic crisis of the past fifteen years is far from over. With it came mass unemployment and xenophobia, expressed by parties like Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front. Le Pen, who is regularly buried by wishful thinkers, has consolidated his position with just under 12 percent of the French poll. In Strasbourg, his henchmen can now look forward to more than a reunion with Italy's neo-Fascists. They will also greet some ominous newcomers—six neo-Nazis, or Republicans, headed by former Waffen SS officer Franz Schönhuber, whose party captured 7 percent of the West German vote. The group will now have twenty-two deputies. The extreme right has thus established a lasting presence in Western European politics.

The more important and encouraging lesson of this election is the impressive rise of the Greens. The German pioneers may only be holding steady, but they will have plenty more companions in Strasbourg, for the increase affects the whole region. It is most spectacular in Britain, where the Greens, who are demanding their country's exit from NATO, have jumped from almost total invisibility to 14 percent of the vote, reducing the centrist Social and Liberal Democrats to a distant fourth place. (However, since Britain's members of the European Parliament are not elected through proportional representation, no British Greens will have a seat in Strasbourg.) Belgium's Ecologists won roughly the same proportion of the vote; the French Greens have suddenly exceeded the 10 percent mark; even in Italy, where they are split, they have reached 6 percent, and in Holland, 7 percent.

It is understandable that Europeans should be increasingly preoccupied with environmental threats to both their everyday life and their long-term fate. Yet, there are other reasons for the amplitude of the Green tide. In the increasingly consensual politics of Western Europe, with its sea of free-market platitudes, the Greens were the only ones to sound radically different, to raise questions about the meaning and purpose of growth, to tackle the issue of the Third World and its exploitation. They were the only ones to deal with problems that the left faced in the 1960s, then dropped in its search for managerial respectability. The Greens are politically heterogeneous and clearly divided, and what they will do with their gains remains to be seen. Tomorrow in Strasbourg, metaphorically speaking, will they sit on the left or cling to the chandelier? One thing is certain: If the left does not answer the questions posed by the Greens, it will never achieve a lasting victory. Nor will it deserve one.

DANIEL SINGER

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

On Being a Dud

FRED INGLIS

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS: Memoirs. *By John Updike. Alfred A. Knopf. 257 pp. $18.95.*

It's no use accusing the autobiographer of egoism; that, after all, is the whole point. Autobiography starts from the conviction that bits of one's life are so significant that the uncomplicated, remorseless habit of self-referentiality will prove as gripping to the audience out there as it so unfailingly does to the author in here.

Obviously, monstrous egoism won't do by itself, although some egos are *so* distendedly and fascinatingly monstrous—Rousseau's or Frank Harris's or Francis Kilvert's—that we are hypnotized. By a different token, some life stories, like the huge, uncollected canon of working-class autobiographies of the nineteenth century (Samuel Bamford's *Passages in the Life of a Radical* and Alexander Somerville's *The Autobiography of a Working Man* are classics of the idiom) transpire as autobiographies because that was the only form those authors knew. The bare telling of the tale with its frightful facts was the only way in which such men and a few women could speak not for themselves but on behalf of their fellows.

Either way, however, the autobiography joins its story to history, and is valuable insofar as its singularity is also a reminder of our common membership. We recognize the former quality by saying, "This man or woman is interesting and distinctive," and we are caught up involuntarily in its humanity by exclaiming, "Yes, I remember, that's how it was and that's what it meant. But I didn't see it at the time."

"Memoirs," however, have a grander ring to them. In our time they are increasingly the product of the unspeakably self-important and the remorselessly self-justifying. They are what get written by former secretaries of state when their boss is beaten, in order to explain to us how it was that they never, in any circumstance, made a mistake. These books are a feature of one of the most mysterious and pervasive structures of our society—the star system—and they are held to matter in virtue of their authors' celebrity. Reading the words of the celebrated, we may gratify our need for the benison of power as well as our strong taste for prurience.

John Updike's *Self-Consciousness: Memoirs* seeks out the nice balance of high-minded dirty-mindedness and star-struck fashionability that has brought him such success and made him indeed a suitable case for autobiographical treatment. Updike's celebrated charm, boyishness, brilliance and the rest come freely attested to by many weeklies, and by Elizabeth Hardwick herself, in the pages of supreme fiction, *The New York Review of Books.*

"He will go further, twirling, you might say, on a steel toe like a skater in the crisp New England air." Well, *she* says it; but I wish she wouldn't. You might better say that the famous jeweled style is more that of a writer to whom absolutely nothing has ever happened beyond his discovery that he liked playing with words. The keenest moment in this book is when Updike describes his greedy pillaging of thesaurus and dictionary in delighted search of a vocabulary whose distribution in the novels will testify to his unassailable class promotion and give him the purchase with which to detest the patricians and, as he so distinctively puts it, "their guitar-strumming children"—as well as to condescend to those who have just left behind the Middle America he translates with such facility into the prose of the high-class color magazine ad.

The "iridescence," "glorious prose," "wonderful writing," "beautiful eloquence" of the accompanying list of puffs has had its lapses. Not that anybody noticed. The combination of knicker-sniffing and the listing of consumer objects that made his fortune was precisely adjusted to the postwar new money and first-generation university degrees that lapped it up. Kennedy's America, not Reagan's: French cuisine, Bach preludes, pioneers of modern design and the sexual revolution—all going down the long slide to happiness endlessly.

I remember going to a dinner for Updike in Bristol, England, just before *Couples* was published, and hearing the senior partner of his publishing house make an embarrassed, swallowing kind of attack on the book's impropriety before he and the author shared the proceeds. He had a point. Going back to that mighty work, which of us could read such sentences as these without wiping tears of laughter from our eyes: "At the sight of her submissively moving her lips his blood shouted *Lord* and his death leaned above him like a perfectly clear plate of glass." Or, from the color-mag vein: "The soup was good, clear yet strong, with a garnish of parsley and a distant horizon of sherry." Finally, from the culture brochure: "She had hidden her face in her hands. Now she revealed it, as if, her own acolyte, she were reverently unfolding the side wings of a triptych."

It's hard to stop, as Updike found for himself. There's a description of the sea that puts me strongly in mind of those passages of parody from *Cold Comfort Farm* which, following the practice of old Baedekers, Stella Gibbons marked with an asterisk so that literary tourists couldn't miss the monuments of fine writing.

Updike caught the wind of his class, particularly with a nose so sensitive to a whiff of underthings. He piled malodorous offerings beside the mirror of its narcissism: rampant consumer hysterics in *Rabbit Is Rich*; a touch of dirtied-up Dennis Wheatley in *The Witches of Eastwick* (having feminism both ways); faddishness about God and home computers in *Roger's Version.* Always prodigal, relentlessly talkative, he holds out the charm, the inexperience, the florid techno-talk about pseudoscience as a way of keeping his class fraction of the reading public just on the wrong, that is to say, the right, side of admiring incomprehension.

Candid is as candid does. Having told us for so long through the elaborate persona of the novelist that he is not only clever but even cleverer than we could ever have supposed, his *Memoirs* betray a perfectly unconscious self made up of petty-minded vengefulness, high-pitched sanctimony, political silliness of a really worked-at variety and old-fashioned grandparental boringness that the kids no doubt are bound by duty to tolerate but that will surely tax others.

The book is made up of six essays, four of them in the Augustinian mode of

Fred Inglis is professor of education at the University of Warwick, England, and a member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, for 1988–89.

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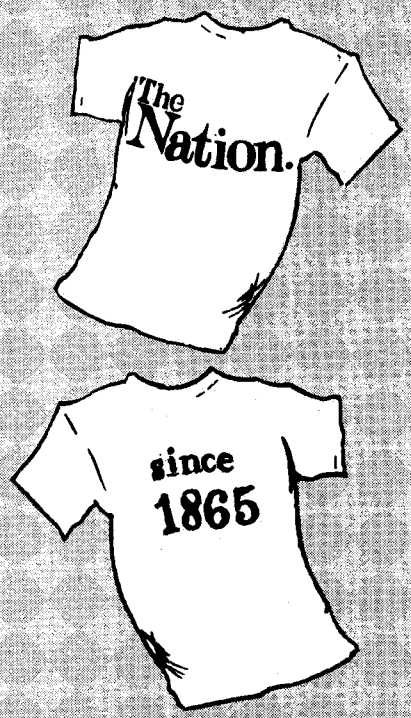

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unyielding self-pity. After unexceptional reminiscences of his Pennsylvanian small town—which turn on the burning question, "Was his family poor or not?"—we have thirty-seven pages on his psoriasis and its frequent remissions. He apologizes for his self-regardingness, which he blames the disease for causing, before giving his pet condition its boringly pharmaceutical airing. During this chapter he laconically leaves his wife, apparently because she was a "smooth-pelted liberal," a searing wisecrack that will surely give rise, in readers of this journal, to many Sontag-like speculations on the political correctness of skin diseases. Lepers, of course, are easy; but who did the Elephant Man vote for?

Spots are followed by stammering, which, we are relieved to find, overtakes him only sometimes, but particularly when afraid "of New York audiences," which are "too smart and left-wing for me," almost as great a surprise as the ideological meaning of the epidermis. Fortunately, however, it's all much better when talking to a list of people among whom he feels "known and forgiven," a list that, including as it does people from home, scroungers and women, leaves him stammering helplessly at cops, Jews, posh people (sorry, "people of evident refinement or distinction") and his own kids. Anyway, asthma makes it worse, and doubtless guilt in the orotund form of his kitchen psychoanalysis is mixed up in it all. But everything is for the best because, stammering or not, at least he can *write* like mad, since "the papery self-magnification and immortality of printed reproduction—a mode of self-assertion that leaves the cowardly perpetrator hidden and out of harm's way—was central to my artistic impulse." So that's all right, then.

Shillington, spottiness, stuttering and then "On Not Being a Dove," a chapter whose contorted silliness, repetition and freshman incoherence has already caused even the hacks to draw their breath in a bit. Indeed, its gauche determination to say the wrong thing might even wring out a moment of applause if the wrongness didn't rest on such a grisly mixture of supreme unction, mean-minded carping, sheer fatheadedness and an absolute failure to imagine what it's like being anywhere except on the East Coast. It is a failure amply documented already in his novel *The Coup*, which alchemizes V.S. Naipaul into Tom Clancy.

Back in the old days, when Updike was a social climber, he consorted with the rich who voted Democratic out of "humanitarian largesse," as opposed to the Updikes who did so "out of crude self-interest." It's a note that recurs in this deeply unattractive book, and he ought to be more careful of it for someone as keen as he is to be universally liked, in particular by the nobs. Anyway, when the war really came to Washington and New York, long after Updike had been usurped by the "other, more leftish hands" of Jonathan Schell in *The New Yorker*'s "Notes and Comment" column, the time had also arrived for Updike to get hot and shrill and start paying off a few grudges.

Updike hadn't, after all, voted for "Father Daniel Berrigan or Reverend William Sloane Coffin . . . or Lillian Hellman . . . or Jane Fonda," had he? (He gives their full names, apparently as a mordant irony.) In any case, he had his political right to apathy and to leave the deaths of some millions of slitty-eyed nonentities in the capable hands of the Best and the Brightest. It would probably have helped him to know that Schumpeter once saw such apathy as essential to the working of a democracy, and certainly two Presidents would have been mightily relieved if only such Christian forbearance had emptied the steps of the Pentagon in 1967.

In the end, the whole frightful business all has to do with tossing girls off behind his wife's back on Route 93 and believing in a God of dirt and light, up and down, death and sex, and pots of money. Deny the war and where would you be next? Denying Christ while the cock crows, I shouldn't wonder.

I should make it clear that this last bit of heavenly wisdom is Updike's, not mine, though I put it a bit less piously. The point is, you see, that Updike's "religious and Vietnamese opinions were clearly allied," and if you're an atheist anything goes, including disobedience to the government. After all, "where was the . . . humanity (in the Harvard sense) of saying that . . . when we're dead we're dead?" Well, one knows the kind of humanity (in the Harvard sense) that he means. And where, indeed, shall we find its obvious sensibility if we can't bomb Asians back to the Stone Age and leave Presidents to do exactly as they like? Where, as Updike almost asks, would be the intellectual interest of simply calling Nixon a frightful liar?

There is more, much more, to say of this appalling book and its innocently awful author. Graduate students will be

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grateful, for example, for his sticking the relevant bits of his novels below the autobiographical incidents that served as their genesis. A useful illustration of intertextuality for the postmodernists. My favorite sentence, however, setting aside the bit where he jumps exhilaratedly out of a half-crashed helicopter, leaving his wife to sprain her ankle, appears on page 121, where he's puzzling out his hawkish lack of liberalism, so at odds with his ironically attended-to liberal opinions.

"I went to meetings and contributed to the NAACP and even lent a black man we slightly knew some money that he never repaid—I was all for people getting a break, if the expense to me wasn't inordinate." You see? Irony in all directions, but pay off your grudges as you go and your great reading public won't even notice how brilliance and eloquence and good Christian belief coexist with the devout sanction of extreme selfishness, an entire lack of subject matter, and the kind of rotten emotivism, cruel irresponsibility and downright hypocrisy that is one potent formation in the political influence of a great and generous superpower. □

The Age of Aquarius

TOM ATHANASIOU

NOT NECESSARILY THE NEW AGE: Critical Essays. *Edited by Robert Basil. Prometheus Books. 395 pp. $19.95.*

THE FRINGES OF REASON: A Whole Earth Catalog. *Edited by Ted Schultz. Harmony Books. 224 pp. Paper $14.95.*

In his introduction to the essays making up *Not Necessarily the New Age*, Robert Basil recounts a meeting with a barefoot woman in a yellow cotton dress. At Niagara Falls, just before dawn on the day of the Harmonic Convergence, he asked her if she really thought the millennium might begin that very morning. She answered:

> I think it's possible. I'm really open to hearing about earth changes. Look at where we are, we're in big trouble, we're helpless. Why? Our technology has betrayed us; Poisonous chemicals flood the land; Nuclear weapons threaten to extinguish all human and, minus the roaches, all animal life; Computer technology degrades our dignity, makes us superfluous, meaningless.

The rest of the story: Our young woman wasn't reading Lewis Mumford or even Black Elk. She had in her lap a copy of José Arguelles's *The Mayan Factor: The Path Beyond Technology*, the book that *invented* the Harmonic Convergence. In it, Arguelles moves effortlessly from the limits of "scientific materialism" and the "technological crisis," through "paradigm shifts" and quantum physics, to the "emplacement of galactic synchronization crews at all the planetary light-body grid-nodes" (like Niagara Falls), which will prepare the way for the return of the Mayan Sages.

The New Age is ridiculous, but it is not *simply* ridiculous. For one thing, it shares its dark visions, if not always its metaphysical conclusions, with ecological movements and often with the left. Greens, deep ecologists, animal liberationists and feminist witches are as much a part of the New Age as the cosmic chiropractors, crystal readers and yuppie relaxation gurus. And they're on the right side, aren't they?

Maybe living in California has skewed my vision, but out here the turn toward the occult seems a significant force, on the left as in the larger culture. The extent of that drift is indicated by a 1987 survey conducted by the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center. Sixty-seven percent of those surveyed said they had "experienced E.S.P.," while 31 percent had "experienced clairvoyance," 29 percent had "had visions" and 42 percent had "had contact with the dead."

The New Age continues to boom. Most bookstores now have New Age sections, usually found near the "inspirational" area, where fundamentalist tracts are filed. These New Age sections are thick with crank literature—Bermuda Triangle stuff—placed there only because that's where it sells; but bookstore managers also select from the 5,000 or so published titles on holistic health, metaphysical healing, higher powers and vision quests. Environmentalist and feminist themes are common, as are pseudoscientific tracts like *The Tao of Physics*. Rising above it all is Shirley MacLaine—who's been known to tell friends that they're only figments of *her* imagina-

Tom Athanasiou, who lives in San Francisco, is writing a critique of alternative medicine.

Women for All Seasons
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Catherine Foster

In *Women for All Seasons*, Catherine Foster presents a full account of the activities of the WILPF since its formation by a meeting of twelve hundred suffragists in 1915 to its aims for the present, offering a glimpse of the broad spectrum of its members—from Philadelphia Quaker Mildred Scott Olmsted, to Angela Gethi, who formed a chapter in her native Kenya in 1985. *Illustrated*
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Thomas Merton's Art of Denial
The Evolution of a Radical Humanist
David D. Cooper

In *Thomas Merton's Art of Denial*, David Cooper traces Merton's attempts to reconcile two seemingly incompatible roles in his life, to find a way in which "the silence of the monk could live compatibly with the racket of the writer." Drawing on personal letters, unpublished works, and other studies, Cooper offers a portrait of a man torn between the influence of the twentieth century and the serenity of the religious ideal.
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tion—with over 8 million books in print.

But MacLaine's pop solipsism shouldn't be taken as the single proper exemplar of a varied movement. There's also Arthur Rosenthal, whose new computerized talking crystal ball is sold through "The Sharper Image" catalogue. The crystal ball, he says, is "not linked to mysticism in the spiritual sense, but in the scientific sense." And there's Starhawk—author, antinuclear activist, ecofeminist witch par excellence, pillar of the New Age left.

The artifacts of the New Age are easy to find. It's far harder to locate the works of the modern skeptics, many of which are published by Buffalo's Prometheus Books. When I first encountered Prometheus, I thought I'd stumbled onto a crank right-wing operation. It was the tone, more than anything else, the unshakable, crusading, antisuperstitious certainty. But leafing through the catalogue, I saw works by Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan, both good liberals, as well as proud tracts on secular humanism and detailed critiques of creationism. I ordered *Examining Holistic Medicine*, and if the scales didn't exactly fall from my eyes, I did have a moment or two of real exhilaration. I had just discovered the house press of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP).

CSICOP was founded in 1976 by writers and scientists appalled at the rise of irrationalist social movements. Its journal, *The Skeptical Inquirer*, has since become the banner of a curiously old-fashioned kind of rationalism. This is a movement in the tradition of Harry Houdini, the great stage magician who took as his mission the unmasking of phony spiritualists. The pages of *The Skeptical Inquirer* abound with the debunking of strange and inexplicable phenomena. From U.F.O.s and E.S.P. to homeopathy and faith healing, you'll find it here, taken apart with startling zeal. James Randi, a stage magician and CSICOP superstar, can copy paranormal fraud Uri Geller's *entire act*. This not only takes dedication, it deserves respect. And let's face it, the left could benefit from a bit of familiarity with this literature. How many among us built orgone boxes in the 1960s and 1970s? Or tried to follow in the footsteps of Castañeda's fictional medicine man?

Unfortunately, modern skepticism is ensnared by a key tenet of bourgeois ideology—that scientific knowledge can be easily and unproblematically abstracted from the society that holds it. Christopher Lasch noted in a 1987 essay "Soul of a New Age" that skepticism "rejects superstitions about the supernatural world only to embrace equally superstitious beliefs in science." He couldn't be more right. Science is a form of power as well as a method, and there are good reasons to distrust, not to say hate, its existing institutions. Martin Gardner, James Randi and other luminaries of the skeptical movement are mercilessly logical and sarcastic in their pursuit of supernatural bunko, but they're uncritical to the point of servility when it comes to science and instrumental rationality. And when high technology is at issue, artificial intelligence and nuclear power plants, skeptics are prone to an optimism both naïve and credulous—and probably more dangerous than any to be found among their New Age opponents.

Not Necessarily the New Age doesn't solve all the problems of modern skepticism, but it does broaden their project beyond debunking and begins to examine the social background of today's irrationalist movements. In this it is a breakthrough book, and deserves a far less equivocal endorsement than most of Prometheus's titles. It collects the voices of what we might call the "new" skeptics together with more mainstream CSICOP views. These new voices include Ted Schultz, editor of *The Fringes of Reason*, with the story of his personal journey from Hare Krishna parades to graduate biology; J. Gordon Melton, director of the Institute for the Study of American Religion, with a sharp capsule history of the New Age, and in particular of its attempt to make spiritual hay out of modern science; and Maureen O'Hara, a psychotherapist and professor of women's studies, with a grim story of New Age idiocy undermining the once-liberating spirit of humanistic psychology.

Many of the same voices reappear in *The Fringes of Reason*, but in a more amusing frame. This is, after all, a Whole Earth Catalog—it's hot, eclectic and open-minded, except when it comes to politics, which it generally sees as part of the drab, ordinary world. Science, at least as a method, gets a better treatment, and several of the essays here—one of them by veteran CSICOP-basher Robert Anton Wilson—introduce the epistemological problems stalking the simple-minded rationalism so pervasive within CSICOP. Would that CSICOP was willing, and able, to reply.

Fringes is a friendly, apolitical review of the deep culture of the New Age. It is, in Schultz's words, "a book about people so fed up with Orthodoxy and the mundane bit part it handed them that they did something about it." It vividly shows that the irrationalism so troubling to the skeptics is no simple post-1960s phenomenon and offers a variety of tantalizing commentaries. Interestingly, Schultz's seriousness, so clear in the essay he contributed to *Not Necessarily*, is lost in his own volume. There's much here that's important and fascinating, but the approach is detached and relativistic. Irrationalism becomes an amusement, a "highly entertaining, subterranean art form that has for the most part been ignored by the mainstream media."

Together, these two books ask some crucial and difficult questions. Why, after all, do metaphysical beliefs remain compelling to so many people in this the age of microelectronics and genetic engineering? Martin Gardner both answers and begs this question when he characterizes ours as "a time of mounting anxieties, coinciding with a rapid erosion of faith in traditional religions and a growing hostility towards science and technology." Why the anxiety? The hostility? The Enlightenment was supposed to cast the light of science into all these dark corners. Has it failed, or was that just a cover story all along?

This isn't really a question that today's skeptics, who dismiss the pronouncements of the New Age as simple superstition, are prepared to ask. The left, for its part, can't afford such an easy dismissal, for in the New Age we can measure a profound alienation, one that we've largely failed to link to an attractive and compelling vision of socialism. Metaphysical movements will probably always be with us, and were it not for our dire situation, we could safely view them with amused appreciation. Unfortunately, New Age culture today threatens to overwhelm some crucial social movements, ecology first among them. The considerable ethical/spiritual wing of the green movement (the "deep" wing) is extremely New Age in orientation, and in fact the deep-versus-social-ecology debate cannot be understood without a recognition of this fact and its implications.

New Age theorists are largely hostile not only to the left tradition, which they see as bound to reductionism and domination, but to critical thought and historical analysis as well. All are seen as divisive and "old paradigm," and are

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marginalized within a culture that conflates politics with spiritual healing. The result is that people longing for serious political ecology are drawn not to green activism but to legal and technocratic environmentalism. Maureen O'Hara, in her *Fringes* essay, states that "casually interchanging myth, science, and metaphor robs each of these realms of its unique power to deepen our understanding of the world." This is true enough, but the whole story may be worse—that it robs them of their power to change the world as well. □

Of Whales and Men

MICHAEL S. KIMMEL

MANHOOD AND THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE. *By David Leverenz. Cornell University Press. 372 pp. $32.50.*

THE MEN FROM THE BOYS: Rites of Passage in Male America. *By Ray Raphael. University of Nebraska Press. 228 pp. $19.95.*

D. H. Lawrence, writing about the nineteenth-century novel, called the American man "hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer." He thought he was describing the national character, something distinctly American. But it wasn't a cultural character he was describing, it was a gender: masculinity. One of the things we've learned from women's studies is how central gender is in the construction of identity—personal and national. Gender may be the single most important feature that determines character, surpassing (or underlying) even class and race; one cannot understand American society without examining the ways in which various masculinities and femininities are enacted.

None of this is news to feminist critics, who've been saying as much for two decades. But men occasionally act as if the lightning bolt of divine revelation just struck. Gender, you see, is largely invisible to men. Perhaps it's a problem of privilege: Whatever it is that makes one privileged stays pretty much invisible. When we think of race, for example, most of us think "minority"; white people don't commonly think of themselves as "raced." This same blindness holds, with some modification, for class as well. So it's not surprising that the American professoriat—historically made up of middle-class white men—hasn't given much attention to divisions based on class, race or gender.

Some male scholars have begun to get the message, and have gone back to scour their discipline's canon. Suddenly everything is a gendered text, drenched in psychoanalytic signifiers of troubled manhood, or shouting prescriptive warnings to shore up a sagging virility. Nothing's safe—gender is everywhere.

This recent discovery of gender is only partly jumping on the academic bandwagon of women's studies, which is one of the few growth industries in academic publishing. It's also an effort to take to our heads what we have been trying to take to heart: The feminist critique of masculinity is basically right. As a result, we're beginning to discover the hidden history of masculinity in our academic fields.

David Leverenz's *Manhood and the American Renaissance* and Ray Raphael's *The Men From the Boys* represent, respectively, the better and the worse (but by no means the worst) fruits of these labors. Leverenz discovers deeply troubled meditations on masculinity and class through a rich and subtle reading of the literary pantheon of the American Renaissance. He sees the nineteenth-century novel as a contested terrain on which writers wrestled with issues of emergent and declining classes, using a language of gender—particularly of masculinity. In mid-century, the new urban middle-class entrepreneur began to displace the older genteel patriarch and to proletarianize the independent artisan. But who was the "real man"? Leverenz's close readings of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville and Whitman, among others, show how class and gender became deeply intertwined. Each writer was "self-consciously deviant from prevailing norms of manly behavior" and ambivalent about the dispossession of the rural gentry and the artisan. By a methodological mix and match—textual deconstruction, a psychoanalytic reading of the writers' relationships with their fathers and, above all, feminist literary criticism—Leverenz disentangles class from gender, not by tugging mechanistically at the knot but by gently shaking texts and biographies to loosen individual strands.

Patrician gentility, which cast manhood in terms of "property ownership, patriarchy, and republican ideals of citizenship," Leverenz writes, had stood in symbiotic tension with artisanal independence—manhood as "freedom, pride of craft and, to a lesser degree, citizenship, along with a good deal of ambivalence about patriarchal deference." Mid-century urban capitalism brought the new man of the nineteenth century, and with him a new masculinity defined by individualism and entrepreneurial competition in the market. This new, chronically insecure masculinity—Thoreau called the marketplace a "site of humiliation"—ultimately triumphed. "All men who live in democratic times more or less contract the ways of thinking of the manufacturing and trading classes," observed the ever-prescient Tocqueville in *Democracy in America.*

American Renaissance writers resisted entrepreneurial competition as the definition either of class or of manhood. If entrepreneurial manhood meant cutthroat competition, a preoccupation with power and dominance and the obliteration of enervating emotions, these writers were driven to rhetorical strategies of self-dispossession. Thoreau's "sardonic pugnacity," Leverenz argues, initiated a moralistic retreat to Walden Pond as a conscious effort to avoid the humiliation of marketplace masculinity. By contrast, Whitman's "self-administered gender-bypass surgery" allowed him to become a "fatherly midwife" to a sensually recharged world of homosocial intimacies as he rediscovered the male bonding that underlay artisanal solidarity. At the same time Frederick Douglass revised his best-selling autobiography to emphasize themes of artisanal masculinity hewn from personal independence and hard work. Leverenz reads layers of meaning—class and gender as well as race—when Douglass proclaims, "I was now my own master."

With Emerson and Hawthorne, the political was even more deeply personal. Each accused the new man of inhumanity, consumed by the will to power. The trauma of Hawthorne's early childhood, in Leverenz's reading, led to later "fears of homosexual rape," terrors about loss of control and the translation of any

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form of intimacy into an expression of power relations. His novels contain a relentless critique of competitive manhood as demonic possession; *The Blithedale Romance*, for example, exposes "marketplace manhood as heartless, egotistical, and driven to dominate." Similarly, Emerson's early fear of humiliation by a severe and exacting father led to anxieties about manhood and rejection of *homo economicus*. "Society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members," he wrote in 1841. Emerson employed what he called "man-making words" to rouse himself from feelings of inferiority; his was a "willed optimism" that embraced "the patrician valuing of culture over business and politics."

Contrast the gender nonconformity evident in Emerson's and Hawthorne's "patrician disdain for the new men on the make" with Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840) and Francis Parkman's *The Oregon Trail* (1849). In Leverenz's eyes, here are two less-than-convincing efforts by sons of genteel patriarchy to embrace entrepreneurial manhood. Neither Dana's "narcissistic complacency" nor Parkman's caustic and ironic sense of the disparity between fantasy and reality can carry it off. Agonizing ambivalence makes for far better literature than conversion.

Manhood and the American Renaissance builds toward its inevitable climax with *Moby-Dick*, long held as the great American novel. For Leverenz, *Moby-Dick* is more than a political allegory and psychological meditation on power and madness; it is the classic gendered text. Ahab's "desperate, narcissistic rage" and "mesmerizing coerciveness" are the marks of "a man obsessed with avenging his shattered manhood." This is the same unconscious obsession, Leverenz argues, that fueled Melville's rage at the capitalist Leviathan that had consumed his own father, driven by marketplace failures to bankruptcy, insanity and eventually suicide.

Ahab is driven to dominate, compulsively competitive, obsessively insecure—in short, the archetypal capitalist man, the nineteenth-century Type A, a "hard-driving, finger-drumming, aggressive, and insensitive executive, whose life so frequently ends its heartlessness in a heart attack," Leverenz writes. His monomania, that obsession with domination that is the disease of the uprooted and the driven, is the nineteenth-century male version of hysteria. Like its female counterpart, this illness is based not on gender nonconformity but on *over*conformity to crazy behavioral norms. Ahab is a nineteenth-century arbitrager, Gordon Gekko on the high seas, an "exaggerated prototype for the male behavior pattern that helped ensure the worldwide dominance of American industry."

In Leverenz's analysis, Moby-Dick is projected both as the more powerful man against which masculinity is measured and as the archetypal woman—carnal, insatiable, Other. The inevitability of defeat in Ahab's "crazed fight to prove his manhood" transforms him into a failed man, revealing the homoerotic craving to be dominated that lies beneath the drive to dominate. (The distorted homoeroticism of the Ahab–Moby-Dick relationship is paralleled by Ishmael's discovery of artisanal fraternity

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as eroticized homosociality in the arms of the powerful harpoonist, Queequeg.) Leverenz doesn't get too crudely Freudian about how Ahab lost his leg trying to plunge his "six-inch blade" into the whale, but he does see the novel as "the most extravagant projection of male penis envy in our literature."

Perhaps the writers of the American Renaissance would have lived less troubled lives if they had been more confident of their manhood, more securely grounded in an unambiguous sense of themselves as men. Ray Raphael would probably believe that. His interviews with 100 middle-class and working-class men in the contemporary United States reveal that—guess what?—men are chronically insecure about their gender identity. Men are confused these days, he says, suspended between Sylvester Stallone and Alan Alda, between Rhett Butler and Ashley Wilkes. And the major reason for their confusion is that young men today are deprived of a "meaningful rite of passage into manhood."

Men need a sense of themselves as real men, Raphael believes, a masculinity validated in the public arena by other men. But American culture denies boys this most fundamental need, since it stresses external achievement rather than inner strength and equates adulthood with independence rather than with community. Thus, Raphael argues, manhood becomes life's most excruciating endurance test, which most fail, rather than "a normal stage of life accessible to all males."

Traditionally, initiation rituals allowed the young man to affirm his status both to himself and to his community; "however inane or sadistic" they were, Raphael explains, they provided "straightforward solutions to complex and difficult problems" of establishing his place within the community. But now, with "no common road into manhood, and without even a commonly accepted definition of what manhood entails," Raphael continues, "we cast about fitfully for self-styled facsimiles of initiations in order to express and affirm our status as men." For some that facsimile is sexual conquest; for others it is "that special intensity of military experience," or the fraternity initiation.

But very few of the creative solutions we develop to demonstrate manhood accomplish what traditional rituals once did: insure that nearly all young men negotiate their way through successfully. Sports, business, the playground—any arena where men are relentlessly trying to prove what ultimately cannot be proved—are places where most men feel like failures as men. Raphael comes pretty close, in fact, to a celebration of boot camp and fraternity hazing. They may be violent, humiliating and difficult, but at least almost everybody survives.

Of course, Raphael does understand that these are compensatory distortions and that "we try to prove we are men in ways which reinforce rather than remove our childish insecurities." But his analysis leads not to an understanding of the ways in which gender codes are embedded in class cultures, as Leverenz's does, but to a misty-eyed, nostalgic anthropology. His argument rests uneasily on a romanticized view of the natural; in the wilderness, he writes, a young man confronts "primal experiences, the life-and-death realities, that are obscured in civil society."

Raphael thinks we need structure, like they had in the old days. Unfortunately, it appears that almost any structure will do:

> When a group—*any* group—offers a well-defined set of norms and goals, along with a method for living up to those norms and meeting those goals, we are given at least a semblance of structural support for our transition into manhood.

Form, not content, seems important to him.

But content does matter. Raphael's celebration of male bonding and traditional rites of passage ignores two essential features of "the primitive" with which he has become enamored. In "primitive" cultures all statuses were fixed, not just gender; there was little or no mobility of any kind. Can Raphael decontextualize gender issues so neatly from caste? More important, the life-affirming male bonding Raphael seems to yearn for was, and is, predicated on the exclusion of women from public life. Men's power over women, the capacity to exclude, has been the basis for the type of masculinity that was so secure in his mythic past.

Issues of power and domination are anathema to Raphael's benevolent view of masculinity, while they are central to Leverenz's complex reading of men's ambivalence about intimacy and dependence. To Raphael, feminism "can be experienced as an emasculating force, for it exaggerates that familiar sense of unmanly guilt"—and we certainly don't want men to feel guilty, do we? To Leverenz, on the other hand, feminism provides the most useful lens through which

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to view the revered texts of American literature. And, more than that, feminism is the most important political ideology to challenge men's power over women, and some men's power over other men. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment

A portrait by Anton Raphael Mengs of Carlos III of Spain marks the threshold of an exhibition that otherwise consists solely of works by Goya. The portrait serves as a frontispiece, as it were—Carlos points outside the picture to the works that follow—but it also expresses the premise of the exhibition, Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment (at the Metropolitan Museum of Art until July 16), in two distinct ways. Carlos was one of those monarchs, like Frederick the Great of Prussia, Catherine the Great of Russia and Joseph II of Austria, who embodied the political virtues of the Enlightenment as fully as the *Encyclopédie* expressed its intellectual vision: The so-called Spanish Enlightenment was altogether his achievement. And Mengs, who came to Spain at Carlos's invitation, was regarded as the greatest painter of his time despite his conspicuous aridity, and set the aesthetic standards of the Spanish court. Goya's first significant patrons were those Enlightenment intellectuals Carlos had the wit to appoint as ministers in charge of his benign policies of reform and toleration. Whatever his gifts otherwise required, it was a condition of securing commissions that he internalize the somewhat stiff and austere mannerisms of the neo-classical style, for which Mengs tirelessly campaigned. One can sense the tension between inclination and conformity in Goya's very early (1782) portrait of the Conde de Floridablanca, Carlos III's chief minister, and every inch an *Iluminado*: The Count stands severely upright, like the statue of a Roman emperor, albeit in red satin court dress with a blue grosgrain shoulder sash, one arm extended, the other akimbo. But he is placed in a room filled with shadows, and the other figures have such a contrasting fluidity and animation that the work looks like a collaboration between two artists with radically different styles.

There is little doubt that Goya's values were the values of his enlightened patrons, but the degree to which his work can in any sense be classed as Enlightenment *art*, and hence to what extent these values penetrate the work and enable us to respond to it as we should, remain interesting questions. Consider, to begin with, Mengs's portrait of Carlos. It is of an Enlightenment monarch and by an advocate of the style that came to define Enlightenment tastes. But it does not show Carlos as *Erklärungsmensch* but rather as the commander in chief of his armies, resplendent in polished armor and gold-embroidered draperies, wearing his decorations and holding the baton of his authority. The wig is an eighteenth-century giveaway, and the face could hardly have been painted in any earlier age, but an eighteenth-century depiction of an eighteenth-century monarch is not necessarily a piece of Enlightenment art, and in fact Mengs has adopted the conventions of the baroque portrait in his effort to represent the sovereign with maximal dignity. In contrast, Goya certainly shows Floridablanca *as* an enlightened minister, since he is surrounded with the emblemata of his values: books, expressing a taste for knowledge, and maps and a clock, expressing the rationalizations of time and space. Goya even puts himself in the picture showing the count a picture (too small to be *this* portrait) and in this way establishes him as a patron of the arts. But does the portrait of Floridablanca as such express Enlightenment values any more than does Mengs's portrait of the king?

Let me bring this question out more vividly by considering a much later work, the profound portrait of Bartolomé Sureda, of about 1805. A great deal had happened to Spain and to Goya between the portraits of Floridablanca and Sureda. Carlos III had died; Spain was ruled uneasily by the nearly imbecile Carlos IV; Floridablanca and the other enlightened ministers had been driven out of office; in France the Enlightenment had given way to the Revolution, whose values were frightening because of the threat they posed to monarchical legitimacy (Louis XVI was beheaded in 1793), guaranteeing a conservative backlash; Napoleon cast black shadows over Peninsular politics. Goya himself had undergone a severe and nearly fatal illness in 1792, which left him stone-deaf. He had also become the great artist whose powers are nowhere more magnificently visible than in the portrait of Sureda. Now the catalogue informs us that Sureda "was among those enlightened figures whose interest in science and love of the fine arts were joined in his quest for industrial applications." It goes on to say, "Among the enlightened there was a particular concern for the development of the so-called useful sciences." In these senses, the portrait of Sureda is of a man twice-over characterized as enlightened, but if the spirit of the Enlightenment is alive in him, the painting itself in no sense embodies Enlightenment artistic values.

If anything, I would say it embodies the values of Romanticism, and seems far more to prefigure the Romantic portrait than to point backward to anything Winckelmann or Diderot would have countenanced as the sort of art they endorsed. Sureda's marvelous hat, held lightly in his right hand with its intense red lining facing us, has the form and color of a crucible, and so might be taken as an attribute of its subject's interests in metallurgy and ceramic engineering. But his face is that of a poet, as his pose and costume are those of a dandy. His elegant figure twists gently up from surrounding shadows, made abruptly darker by the red hat-lining and by the brilliant white striped neckcloth and waistcoat and the dazzling silver buttons on his green frock coat. His tousled bangs fall across his handsome brow. Light and shadow, brushwork and figuration, attitude and effect, refer us not to reason but to feeling, not to the clarity of an ordered universe but to the uncertain ambiguities of a wild world. The rational will embodied in Floridablanca's stark pose has been replaced with something soft, dark and dreamful.

What then would an art be like that did not merely represent individuals who stood for the Enlightenment but that in its own right expressed or embodied Enlightenment values? The art of the Enlightenment was didactic and moralistic. Diderot, for example, extravagantly admired Greuze, whose work he celebrated as "morality in paint." Taste, for Diderot, was a faculty formed through experiencing the true and the good, and art was valuable insofar as it taught its viewers what truth and goodness were, and so made better persons of them. Lucien Goldmann once described the *Encyclopédie* as the single work that perfectly expressed the values of the society it defined, compassing, in alphabetical order (an innovation), everything it would be useful to know in order to exploit the world through knowledge. It was a book

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to use rather than to read, and utility was in every sense the Enlightenment criterion of moral as well as of artistic virtue. "In general," Hume writes with enthusiasm, "what praise is implied in the simple epithet *useful*! What reproach in the contrary!" Moral speculation must meet its own criteria by being useful itself, and for Hume this meant precisely what it meant for Diderot in his praise of Greuze. Hume writes, "By proper representations of the deformity of vice and beauty of virtue, [to] beget correspondent habits, and engage us to avoid the one, and embrace the other." It is, then, Enlightenment art only when it is useful (like the magnificent plates in the *Encyclopédie*) or when it intended to cause us to be morally better men and women. The whole function of the museum, an essentially Napoleonic concept, was to display works that would enhance the virtues of their viewers as persons and citizens. Aesthetics is very much an eighteenth-century invention, but it is not an *Enlightenment* concept. An Enlightenment theorist would dismiss as frivolous art whose only function was to furnish pleasure.

One may perhaps view some of Goya's early portraits as celebrating virtue and thus as fulfilling the positive injunction in Hume's formula. There is, for example, a very moving depiction of family life in his early group portrait of *The Family of Infante Don Luis* of 1794, in which Goya has again inserted himself, poised to paint (though not, once more, this picture, since the dimension and size are wrong). In Hume's terms, he could be showing himself as executing the Enlightenment imperative of depicting virtue as virtue. But this is really stretching a point, for if we compare this gentle study of a happy family with one of Greuze's efforts—say his *Father Reading the Bible to his Children*, which was such a success in the Salon of 1755, and which was like an advertisement for piety and familial virtue—we see instantly that Goya's is not a didactic work.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to think of any work that more precisely exemplified the negative pole of Hume's formula than the *Caprichos*—a suite of eighty etchings that Goya published in 1799 (and incidentally the greatest achievement in this medium since Rembrandt). Fred Licht, to my mind the best writer on Goya today, says in his catalogue essay that "the *Caprichos* have been justifiably interpreted as the crowning and most purgative visual statement of the Enlightenment." Goya himself wrote of this stupendous work:

> The author is convinced that censoring human errors and vices—although it seems the preserve of oratory and poetry—may also be a worthy object of painting. As a subject appropriate to his work, he has selected from the multitude of stupidities and errors common to every civil society, and from the ordinary obfuscations and lies condoned by custom, ignorance, or self-interest, those he has deemed most fit to furnish material for ridicule, and at the same time to exercise the author's imagination.

It is obvious that the case for Goya as an Enlightenment spirit, and of his art as Enlightenment art, must rest with these extraordinary prints, and why the *Caprichos* are the centerpiece for this exhibition. But my claim is this: Goya is deeper than any Enlightenment artist adhering to Hume's imperative could be. The spirit of the *Caprichos* is at the antipodes of Enlightenment art.

Enlightenment moral psychology was robustly optimistic and Socratic: To know the good is to do the good, to know evil is to shun it. So we do evil only out of ignorance, and when ignorance gives way to knowledge, it is human nature to do the morally correct thing. In terms of social policy, this meant education and the suppression of the agencies of ignorance—the church preeminently, and then the feudal aristocracies whose self-interest depended upon the superstition and institutionalized ignorance of those under them. Enlightenment, in Kant's famous phrase, was mankind's coming of age, a state regarded as historically inevitable by the Enlightenment philosophy of history.

Goya by contrast was utterly pessimistic. The *Caprichos*, which show whores and fools, bawds and ninnies, thieves and asses, all engaged in mutual exploitation, with menacing birds and animals as witnesses and metaphors, are visual inscriptions of greed, vanity, lust, sloth, stupidity, envy, generalized cruelty—a portrait of us as human-all-too-human. They may indeed constitute a moral mirror, in which are reflected back the face and form of our small and wicked natures. But the knowledge will do us little good, for we are powerless to do anything about it: There is not even a God to save us. The best we can do is acknowledge the black truth. Hogarth's biting images of rakes and harlots and silly, sodden spouses could, I suppose, serve

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as graphic warnings, ways of strengthening the weak moral will to refuse, and to reinforce our complacencies as good souls. It shows what at worst might happen to us, but not what we are. (Hogarth is like Dickens in this way: Even for Scrooge it is never too late.) Goya shows us as we are in a dark vision of ineluctable depravity.

The *Caprichos* were, of course, public works in that they were advertised and sold, and several suites were purchased by collectors before they were withdrawn from circulation. But they are also in some deep way very private works, objectifications of Goya's singular imagination. They connect, in my view, with a set of small paintings Goya did as a therapeutic exercise when he began to emerge from his frightful illness of 1793. Uncommissioned cabinet paintings, they were pieces done, he wrote, "in order to distract my mind and . . . in which I have managed to make observations that commissioned works ordinarily do not allow, and in which fantasy and invention have no place." These works are violent and savage: They show lunatics and murderers and rapists, and reflect, one is certain, the terrible fantasies of a man turned in upon himself, no longer able to hear others. The *Caprichos* carry forward this fantasizing impulse. They are private and at the same time universal, as if human nature were everywhere and always the same. The Enlightenment work of art entailed a moral and pedagogical transaction between it and the viewer, through which the latter was to emerge changed or strengthened in resolution. To accept the *Caprichos*, on the other hand, was to abandon Enlightenment hopes altogether.

From this point on, Goya's work proceeds on two levels, neither of them especially connected to the Enlightenment spirit. There would be the commissioned work, and then the private works which, if one bought them, one was buying into Goya's saturnine vision. But much of this he kept to himself. The drawings of judicial torture, for example, or of the terrifying conditions of imprisonment, or of the Inquisition, were bound into private albums. They may have expressed certain humanitarian views he held in common with the Enlightenment, but they never, as works of art, entered general consciousness in a way that might have served to transform and modulate the practices they depict. And this was not, perhaps, because Goya was prudent but because he held fundamental reservations at odds with Enlightenment agendas on the transformative powers of art.

Writing of the engravings of Hogarth, Lamb described them as books: "They have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his we read." Something of the same is true of Goya's prints; of the *Caprichos*; of *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, which he executed between 1810 and 1814 as a documentary response to the horrible Peninsular War, which pitted the French against resistance fighters who matched them in cruelty; and above all in the mystifying *Los Proverbios* or, as they are called, the *Disperates*. These are in a sense visual texts, and just as there developed a literary genre of Hogarth-interpretation, so, even in his own time, Goya's prints were the occasion for critical readings. One is grateful to the organizers of this present exhibition for their scholarship, for bringing to light the puns and allusions that may have been esoteric even for Goya's audiences, but which are certainly distant to us. But the amazing fact is how much comes through without benefit of this valuable apparatus, how immediately Goya addresses us, how much we are his subjects, how little anything fundamental has changed. His greatness was to reflect his times and to be for all times.

I am grateful as well for the exhibition's focus on the concept of the Enlightenment, even if I dispute its obvious application to Goya's work. Inevitably, it puts the art in one light rather than another, tells another narrative than the one I would want told. But anything that makes possible an exhibition of so much of the work of this tremendous artist is through that fact alone justified.

In one of the thumbnail reviews through which *The New Yorker* has latterly enlivened its weekly breviary of cultural events, someone has written of this show that it is "a little low on visual magic." A little low! If there were one grain more of visual magic, the actual air would teem with witches and owls, and complacent donkeys would be making hooved gestures while luscious *majas* paraded their timelessly provocative attributes. □

GHAZALS

For couplets, the ghazal is prime; at the end
Of each one's a refrain like a chime: "*at the end.*"

But in subsequent couplets throughout the whole poem,
It's this second line only will rhyme at the end.

On a string of such strange, unpronounceable fruits,
How fine the familiar old lime at the end!

All our writing is silent, the dance of the hand,
So that what it comes down to's all mime, at the end.

Dust and ashes? How dainty and dry! we decay
To our messy primordial slime at the end.

Two frail arms of your delicate form I pursue,
Inaccessible, vibrant, sublime at the end.

You gathered all manner of flowers all day,
But your hands were most fragrant of thyme, at the end.

There are so many sounds! A poem having one rhyme?
—A good life with a sad, minor crime at the end.

Each new couplet's a different ascent: no great peak,
But a low hill quite easy to climb at the end.

Two armed bandits: start out with a great wad of green
Thoughts, but you're left with a dime at the end.

Each assertion's a knot which must shorten, alas,
This long-worded rope of which I'm at the end.

Now Qafia Radif has grown weary, like life,
At the game he's been wasting his time at. THE END.

John Hollander

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C	R	I	M	I	N	A	L		C	O	M	I	N	G
	I		B		N		D		O		E		T	
F	L	U	S	T	E	R		A	M	A	S	S	E	S
	L		T		R		B		E				N	
A	S	C	O	T	S		O	B	S	O	L	E	T	E
			N				N				A			
R	E	V	E	I	L	L	E		T	H	R	U	S	H
	R				I		S		O		C		T	
C	R	U	C	I	A	L		B	O	R	E	D	O	M
	A		O		S		C		R		N		N	
S	T	I	C	K	S		A	N	D	R	O	G	E	N
	A		O		I		R		E		U		S	
		C	A	T	C	H	P	H	R	A	S	E		

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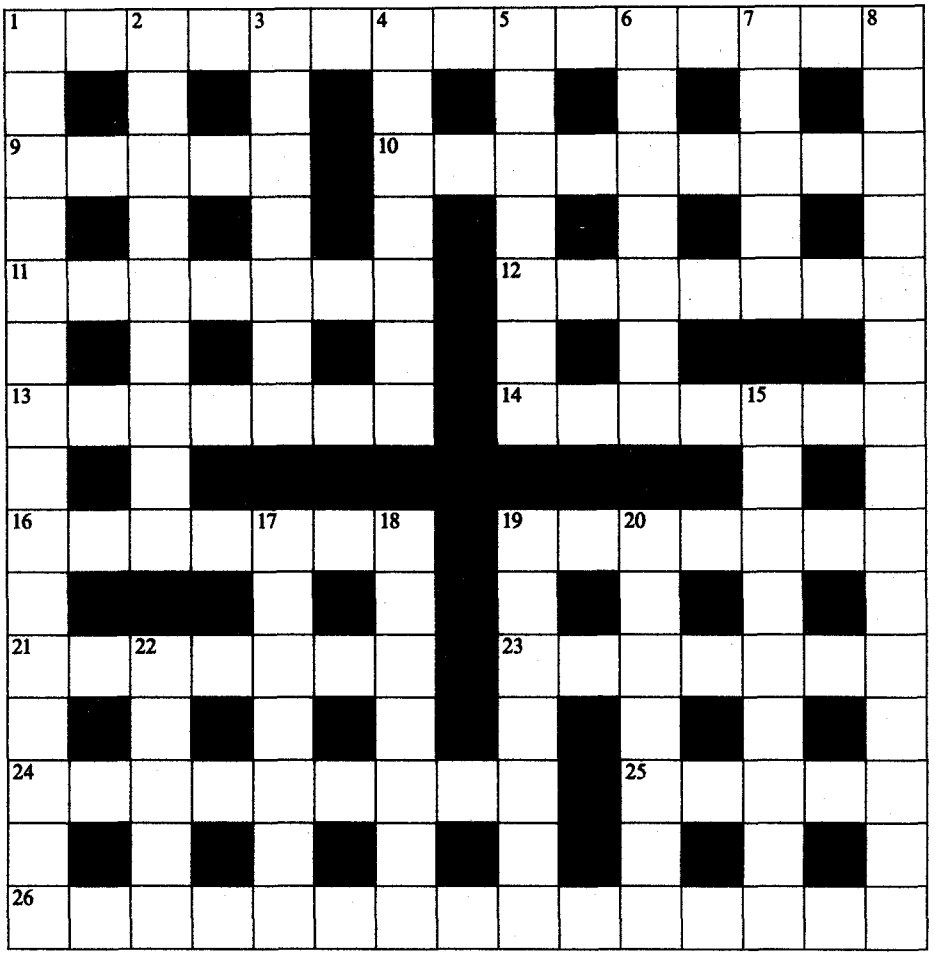
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How you are occasionally expected to read something like "No Man's Land in WW I?" (7,3,5)
9 An emptiness to eschew? (5)
10 Defecting, or just carefully looking at the situation? (Those who make the crossing might be.) (5,4)
11 "F" for the Beethoven First with the following direction found in Florida. (3,4)
12 Not quite as bad as "hell" around the sort of pen spelling out what a wife is sometimes said to do. (7)
13 Our seas may be rough, but wakes might be the answer if you ask for a synonym. (7)
14 Loud sounds come back around the South, sitting here. (7)
16 What sounds like punishment for the firebug? (7)
19 High Tech in U.S.A. is the place to look for a sea urchin. (7)
21 An evil spirit? One who may play in Chicago gets in first, with us coming last. (7)
23 Chrome, 1 fancy, is applied to certain grand and imposing things! (7)
24 Quite a grind here, perhaps—still grim, and barely changed! (9)
25 With some latitude, anger can be changed to it. (5)
26 What one expects from anesthetics, if medical standards are observed? (You're not alone, seeking such!) (6,2,7)

DOWN

1 Empty wagon on the crests of the hill? One feels perfectly safe when they go off. (5,10)
2 How to describe 24? (Beam out of it, perhaps.) (3,2,4)
3 How the world is, just before the "Amen"? (7)
4 Does away with entrances to the city in the upper right-hand corner of some maps? (7)
5 Richmond in Missouri, Hacienda in California, Arlington in Illinois, Hillcrest in Maryland and Dearborn in Michigan. (Get this wrong? Right!) (7)
6 Part of the journey finishes with old tales being told. (7)
7 Is the oven a peculiar setting for such bright things? (5)
8 The Union might expect to come up with one as a last resort. (8,7)
15 Reputedbly blissful, with one caring badly for it? (9)
17 Where Tabitha lives, wretchedly enough! (7)
18 His barber was Spanish, his Italians were Algerian—and his magpie was a thief! (7)
19 A level of command held by the refugee Che, long ago. (7)
20 Make a monotonous noise on something like a tambour, which is pretty boring! (7)
22 If the Argentine of 19 is made head man? (5)

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